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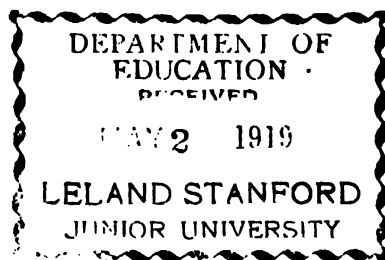
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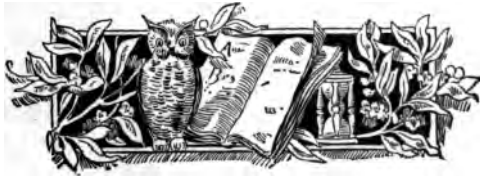
STICKNEY *how sing*

With an Introduction on Elocution

BY

R. I. FULTON, A.M., AND T. C. TRUEBLOOD, A.M.

ASSOCIATE AUTHORS OF "PRACTICAL ELOCUTION," "COLLEGE CRITIC'S
TABLET," AND "CHART OF VOCAL EXPRESSION"; AND
COMPILERS OF "CHOICE READINGS."



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1892

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE lower books of this series were constructed with a distinct purpose of producing natural, pleasant, fluent readers. To this end the selections were literary and attractive rather than directly instructive, healthful and inspiring rather than conspicuously didactic. That they were successful in these respects is beyond question. Perhaps no set of readers has ever been so pleasing to pupils. Testimony on this point has been almost universal where several sets of readers have been employed at the same time.

In this book — the Fifth of the series — the aim is to build upon this foundation, working for variety in taste, enlargement of powers, and quickness of comprehension.

The work may be compared to that of the gymnasium, *mental* expansion and vigor taking the place of physical.

As becomes a classic series, the selections are from standard writers. Certain plain, though not always easily defined, requirements must be met in a school reader. One extract after another is tested, and its fitness being proved, it becomes a recognized force in school education. The list is winnowed for each new series of books and a few new selections made. It is hoped that the present choice may be acceptable even though, as is inevitable, individual favorites have by reason of limited space been omitted. Many excellent extracts, from too great familiarity, must for a time be laid aside. The use to be made of the book will be largely a question of locality. In sections of country where supplementary reading is not provided, and where easy access to libraries cannot be had, the pupil will con his reader as his one fountain of supply, retaining through life distinct remembrances of it as his introduction to the world of letters. In cities, the reading book is rather the gauge by which to measure the quality of the flood of literature which waits to be appropriated. In each of these offices the work of the school reader is a great one. Its importance can hardly be estimated. Obligation is gratefully acknowledged to authors and publishers for material, and to teachers and superintendents for suggestions relative to the composition of the volume.

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INTRODUCTION.



OUTLINES OF ELOCUTION.

THE object of this series of Readers up to the present volume has been to help the student to an understanding of the words and the meaning of the sentences upon the printed page. It is necessary now that we give more attention to the expression, along with the conception of the thoughts, composition, and style of the selections chosen for this book. As a means to this end the pupil should learn the first steps in elocution.

It is the purpose of elocution to develop individuality, correct bad habits of speech and gesture, and make the body a fit instrument to serve the mind and soul. The value of the practice of elocution, and especially that branch of it known as "reading aloud," can scarcely be overestimated. What higher and purer gratification can there be in the home or social circle than the artistic and truthful reading of a beautiful piece of literature! This accomplishment depends largely upon the voice. Thus the cultivation and development of the voice, which gives such a charm to conversation, reading, and speaking, should claim the earnest attention of the student.

Definition. Elocution is the science and art of expression by voice and action.

Divisions. Part I. Respiration and the Development of the Voice as an Instrument.

Part II. Pronunciation : (a) English Sounds, (b) Articulation, (c) Syllabication, and (d) Accentuation.

Part III. The Elements of Vocal Expression.

Part IV. The Principles of Action.

PART I.

RESPIRATION.

There are two processes which make up respiration : —

Inspiration — the drawing in of the air ;

Expiration — the forcing out of the air.

PHYSIOLOGICAL PROCESS OF INSPIRATION.

In a full inspiration the natural action of the organs is as follows : —

1. The diaphragm contracts and therefore sinks.
2. The front wall of the abdomen pushes forward.
3. The ribs and sternum move outward and upward.
4. The upper part of the chest is expanded laterally and vertically.

As these acts of inspiration progress, the air rushes in to equalize the pressure and expand the lungs against the retreating walls of the chest.

PHYSIOLOGICAL PROCESS OF EXPIRATION.

1. The diaphragm relaxes and therefore rises.
2. The front wall of the abdomen is drawn in.
3. The ribs and sternum are drawn down and in.
4. The upper part of the chest sinks to repose.

The expiratory muscles are brought most strongly into action in coughing and sneezing ; less strongly in sobbing and sighing.

BREATHING EXERCISES.

1. Inhale slowly through the nostrils until the lungs are full, and exhale as slowly. This exercise should occupy from ten to fifteen seconds, and is designed to give the lungs a complete airing.

2. After a full, deep inspiration, exhale with a prolonged sound of *s*.

3. Inflate the lungs, and, with a full action of the wrists, strike the chest ten times with the open palms, then exhale with a prolonged sound of *hah*.

4. Take a full, deep breath, and, dropping the jaw to the width of an inch, exhale with a prolonged aspirate sound of *ah*. Let the expiration occupy from ten to twenty seconds.

5. Take a full breath as before and exhale through the nostrils with a similar sound, occupying the same time as before.

6. Inhale slowly, and exhale in an abrupt whispered cough of *uh*.

7. Give the sound *uh* vocally seven times, aspirately seven times, and alternately seven times, with a distinct stroke of the abdominal muscles in each impulse.

All the above exercises must be practised judiciously, and never to the extent of producing dizziness or exhaustion.

PART II.

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation is the utterance in a single impulse of the elements that constitute a word. It is the process of tripping easily from one sound to another until the combination of letters becomes a complete whole.

It is as easy to pronounce properly as improperly, provided one is used to hearing good pronunciation. Pronunciation must become a habit, a second nature, and so easy as to avoid the suspicion that one is paying any particular attention to it. People of the highest social and intellectual culture establish usage, which in turn establishes pronunciation; as the standard dictionary is but the record of that usage, the pronunciation of the masses should agree therewith.

The requisites of correct pronunciation are four: 1. Correct Articulation; 2. Correct Quality of Vowel Sound; 3. Correct Syllabication; 4. Proper Accent.

The number of distinct elements in the English language has been variously estimated at from forty to forty-seven. The more minutely they are analyzed, the more numerous they will appear, but for all practical purposes the number may be placed at forty-three. These elements, as to their sound, are divided into three classes: tonics, subtonics, and atonics.

1. Tonics are clear, open, unobstructed tones. The vowels and diphthongs belong to this class. Examples. — *a, e, i, o, u, ai, ou.*

2. Subtonics are undertones or modified tones. The voice, instead of being allowed to pass freely through an open mouth, as of the tonics, is modified by some one of the articulating organs. The consonants that have tone are subtonics. Examples. — *b, d, g, l, m, n*.

3. Atonics are sounds without tone, — breathings interrupted or modified by the articulating organs. All consonants that have no tone are atonics. Examples. — *c, f, h, k, p, t, s*.

The vocal cords are active in the production of tonics and subtonics, but are separated and passive in the production of atonics.

(a) **English Sounds.**

It is believed that all purely English sounds are represented in the following table. No diacritical marks are employed, since lexicographers have not agreed upon a common system.

TABLE OF ENGLISH SOUNDS.

TONICS.	SUBTONICS.	ATONICS.
a as in <i>ale</i> .	b as in <i>bob</i> .	f as in <i>ffe</i> .
a " <i>arm</i> .	d " <i>did</i> .	h " <i>has</i> .
a " <i>all</i> .	g " <i>gag</i> .	k " <i>kick</i> .
a " <i>air</i> .	j " <i>judge</i> .	p " <i>pope</i> .
a " <i>ask</i> .	l " <i>lull</i> .	s " <i>sauce</i> .
a " <i>at</i> .	m " <i>mum</i> .	t " <i>tut</i> .
	n " <i>nun</i> .	sh " <i>shun</i> .
e " <i>eve</i> .	r " <i>roar</i> .	ch " <i>church</i> .
e " <i>end</i> .	v " <i>vivid</i> .	th " <i>thine</i> .
e " <i>err</i> .	w " <i>wild</i> .	wh " <i>when</i> .
	y " <i>yet</i> .	
i " <i>isle</i> .	z " <i>zone</i> .	
i " <i>ill</i> .	ng " <i>sing</i> .	
	th " <i>then</i> .	
o " <i>old</i> .	z (zh) " <i>azure</i> .	
o " <i>do</i> .		
o " <i>son</i> .		
u " <i>use</i> .		
u " <i>pull</i> .		
oi " <i>oil</i> .		
ou " <i>owl</i> .		

(b) Articulation.

Articulation, as the word indicates, is the jointing or linking together of the elements of a word. As there is no strong contact of the organs of speech in vowel sounds, the term "articulation" is here used chiefly with reference to the execution of consonants. An accurate and distinct articulation must form the basis of good delivery.

When we examine consonants as to their position in the organs of articulation, we find three distinct classes: 1. Labials; 2. Linguals; and 3. Palatals. In the production of labials, the lips are the flexible parts; in the linguals, the tongue is the flexible part; and in the palatals, the palate. The term "dental" is not used in this connection, for the reason that in the opening and closing only, the teeth cannot be said to be flexible, although they have much to do in regulating the shape of tones.

TABLE OF CONSONANTS AS TO POSITION.

LABIALS.	LINGUALS.	PALATALS.
b as in <i>bob</i> .	d as in <i>did</i> .	g as in <i>gag</i> .
f " <i>five</i> .	j " <i>judge</i> .	h " <i>hat</i> .
m " <i>mum</i> .	l " <i>lull</i> .	k " <i>kick</i> .
p " <i>pipe</i> .	n " <i>nun</i> .	y " <i>yet</i> .
v " <i>vivid</i> .	r " <i>roar</i> .	ng " <i>sing</i> .
w " <i>weal</i> .	s " <i>sauce</i> .	
wh " <i>when</i> .	t " <i>tut</i> .	
	z " <i>zone</i> .	
	th " <i>then</i> .	
	th " <i>thin</i> .	
	ch " <i>church</i> .	
	sh " <i>shun</i> .	
	zh " <i>azure</i> .	

Cognates.

Cognates are consonants that have the same position but different sounds. As the word indicates, they are born or originate together; that is, in the same position of the organs. There are

2. Subtonics are undertones or modified tones. The voice, instead of being allowed to pass freely through an open mouth, as of tonics, is modified by some one of the articulating organs. The consonants that have tone are subtonics. Examples. — *b, d, g, l, m, n.*

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a “ <i>arm.</i>	d “ <i>did.</i>	h “ <i>has.</i>
a “ <i>all.</i>	g “ <i>gag.</i>	k “ <i>kick.</i>
a “ <i>air.</i>	j “ <i>judge.</i>	p “ <i>pope.</i>
a “ <i>ask.</i>	l “ <i>lull.</i>	s “ <i>sauce.</i>
a “ <i>at.</i>	m “ <i>mum.</i>	t “ <i>tut.</i>
	n “ <i>nun.</i>	sh “ <i>shun.</i>
e “ <i>eve.</i>	r “ <i>roar.</i>	ch “ <i>church.</i>
e “ <i>end.</i>	v “ <i>vivid.</i>	th “ <i>thine.</i>
e “ <i>err.</i>	w “ <i>wild.</i>	wh “ <i>when.</i>
	y “ <i>yet.</i>	
i “ <i>isle.</i>	z “ <i>zone.</i>	
i “ <i>ill.</i>	ng “ <i>sing.</i>	
	th “ <i>then.</i>	
o “ <i>old.</i>	z (zh) “ <i>azure.</i>	
o “ <i>do.</i>		
o “ <i>son.</i>		
u “ <i>use.</i>		
u “ <i>pull.</i>		
oi “ <i>oil.</i>		
ou “ <i>owl.</i>		

(b) **Articulation.**

Articulation, as the word indicates, is the jointing or linking together of the elements of a word. As there is no strong contact of the organs of speech in vowel sounds, the term "articulation" is here used chiefly with reference to the execution of consonants. An accurate and distinct articulation must form the basis of good delivery.

When we examine consonants as to their position in the organs of articulation, we find three distinct classes: 1. Labials; 2. Linguals; and 3. Palatals. In the production of labials, the lips are the flexible parts; in the linguals, the tongue is the flexible part; and in the palatals, the palate. The term "dental" is not used in this connection, for the reason that in the opening and closing only, the teeth cannot be said to be flexible, although they have much to do in regulating the shape of tones.

TABLE OF CONSONANTS AS TO POSITION.

LABIALS.	LINGUALS.	PALATALS.
b as in <i>bob</i> .	d as in <i>did</i> .	g as in <i>gag</i> .
f " <i>fife</i> .	j " <i>judge</i> .	h " <i>hat</i> .
m " <i>mum</i> .	l " <i>lull</i> .	k " <i>kick</i> .
p " <i>pipe</i> .	n " <i>nun</i> .	y " <i>yet</i> .
v " <i>vivid</i> .	r " <i>roar</i> .	ng " <i>sing</i> .
w " <i>weal</i> .	s " <i>sauce</i> .	
wh " <i>when</i> .	t " <i>tut</i> .	
	z " <i>zone</i> .	
	th " <i>then</i> .	
	th " <i>thin</i> .	
	ch " <i>church</i> .	
	sh " <i>shun</i> .	
	zh " <i>azure</i> .	

Cognates.

Cognates are consonants that have the same position but different sounds. As the word indicates, they are born or originate together; that is, in the same position of the organs. There are

three classes: 1. Labial Cognates; 2. Lingual Cognates; and 3. Palatal Cognates.

TABLE OF COGNATES.

LABIAL COGNATES.		LINGUAL COGNATES.		PALATAL COGNATES.	
SUBTONIC.	ATONIC.	SUBTONIC.	ATONIC.	SUBTONIC.	ATONIC.
b (<i>bob</i>), m (<i>mum</i>); p (<i>pipe</i>).		d (<i>did</i>), and n (<i>no</i>); t (<i>tat</i>).		g (<i>gig</i>), ng (<i>sing</i>); k (<i>kick</i>).	
v (<i>vivid</i>); and f (<i>fife</i>).		j (<i>judge</i>); and ch (<i>church</i>).		y (<i>yet</i>); and h (<i>hat</i>).	
w (<i>weal</i>); and wh (<i>which</i>).		z (<i>zone</i>); and s (<i>sauce</i>).			
		th (<i>then</i>); and th (<i>thin</i>).			
		zh (<i>seizure</i>); and sh (<i>show</i>).			

Much of the stilted reading that is common to the schools, and the disjointed utterance of certain speakers in their efforts to be exact or nice, comes of the bad management of cognates in conjunction. Barring rhetorical pauses of unusual length, and emphasis which must always be taken into account, this law should be observed:—

When a word ends with a letter with which the next word begins, or if they be cognate letters, one placing of the organs will do for both.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. The rub begins. 2. He was a calm man. 3. Let them not revive vandalism. 4. He had his fife fixed. 5. He was kind and dear. 6. None knew a lovelier boy. 7. Tell him not to do so. 8. The judge joined us. 9. She stood in the church chancel. 10. The thermometer registers zero. 11. It was all for the truth's sake. 12. They are all with thee. 13. Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return.

In blending the two words "all lonely" in the last exercise, the sounds of the two *l*'s may be represented thus: $\frac{l}{\cup} \frac{l}{\cup}$. The stream of tone, instead of being broken, is continued, swelling out on the separate elements.

In the conjunction of cognates in the following sentences the position of the articulating organs remains the same in each case, but the sound is changed.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. They sought to rob men. 2. They overstep modesty. 3. Why should he leap boundaries? 4. Live for others. 5. We want none of it. 6. It was I that denied thee gold. 7. They had their judge chosen. 8. It was soon done. 9. What did they do with things? 10. It was a long course. 11. The men worked at log-cutting.

Exercises in Articulation.

Exercises in articulation are to the organs of articulation what physical exercises are to the muscles of the body. They give strength for use in case of need. The following exercises are designed to give strength and flexibility to the organs of articulation:—

1. Sound *b—d—g* five times in succession slowly and with much vigor.

2. Sound the rest of the subtonics in sets of three after the same manner.

3. Sound the atonics in sets of two after the same manner, with special care that no breath be wasted in their production.

4. Spell by sound the following words: *dead, march, vaunt, pulp, ring, hold, remorse, forget, character, nothing, prosper, typify, faculties, companion*.

This list may be supplemented with words from any reading exercise. It is desirable in this exercise to articulate each element distinctly, enunciate the several syllables, and pronounce the words.

Quality of Vowel Sounds.

By quality of vowel sound is meant the character or subtle distinction of tone which is the ground-work of elegant utterance. The tendency to utter vowel sounds improperly is the most fruitful source of mispronunciation. Our English dialects and provincialisms in pronunciation are chiefly the result of a wrong sounding of the tonic elements of the language. We do not think it necessary

to give space to a description of the English sounds. The student is referred to the dictionary for these.

The tendency to pronounce alike sounds that have the same diacritical marks is a fruitful source of mispronunciation. This is especially the case with short *o*. Although *s-o-t* and *s-o-ng* have the same mark, the breve, in Webster and Worcester, it is contrary to good taste to pronounce them with precisely the same sound of *o*. A vowel sound is lengthened or shortened by the consonant sound that succeeds it. The element *t* is the shortest possible English quantity, and *ng*, on the other hand, is one of the longest. The word *sot* should be pronounced with the shortest sound of *o*, and *s-o-ng* with a sound so much broader as to become closely allied to *o* as in *order*.

(c) Syllabication.

A syllable consists of an element or a combination of elements uttered with a single impulse of the voice. Some vowel sounds may stand alone, either as a word or one of the syllables of a word; for example, *a*, *ah*, *O*, *I*, *awe*, *eye*; also *above*, *arena*, *enervate*, *idea*, *owner*. The lingual subtonics, *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*, when they occur in certain positions, may take the place of tonics, and form the basis of syllables; for example, the word *trouble* is equivalent in pronunciation to *troubel*, the word *little* to *litel*, *fire* to *fier*. Two vowel sounds cannot be sounded in the same vocal impulse. There must be a separate impulse for each vowel sound or diphthong. The singleness of this muscular effort marks the complete syllable. The words *blame* and *strength*, have each but a single impulse. There may be all the way from one to seven sounds in a syllable.

Syllabication is the division of a word into such parts as will produce the most euphonious pronunciation.

There are two special points to be considered in syllabication:—

1. The etymology of the word, that is, the dividing of a word with reference to its derivation; thus, *sub-or-di-nate* not *su-bor-di-nate*, *re-mu-ne-rate* not *rem-u-ner-ate*.
2. Phonetic euphony, that is, the dividing of a word with reference to smoothness of utterance; thus, *re-lig-ion* not *rel-ig-ion*, *spec-if-ic* not *spec-if-ic*, *long-est* not *lon-gest*.

For specific rules the student is referred to Webster's International Dictionary.

According to the number of its syllables, a word is called a monosyllable—a word of one syllable; a dissyllable—a word of two syllables; a trisyllable—a word of three syllables; or a polysyllable—a word of more than three or many syllables.

According to its position in a word, a syllable is called the ultimate, when it is the last syllable in a word; the penult, when the last but one; the antepenult, when the last but two; or the preantepenult, when the last but three.

(d) Accentuation.

Accent is a term used to denote the special weight of the voice put upon one syllable of a word to distinguish it from the rest. Accent is to a word what emphasis is to a phrase or clause. It is difficult, sometimes, to determine where accent develops into emphasis. When words are uttered with no particular feeling or expression, there is an alternate action and reaction of the voice, which makes certain syllables stronger than others. This is a physical convenience and necessity, and a principal means of differentiating words. Every English word of more than one syllable has at least one thus made prominent. This is a distinguishing feature of English, and one of its greatest elements of power.

There are three kinds of accent with respect to their weight or importance: 1. the Primary; 2. the Secondary; 3. the Tertiary.

1. The primary is the strongest of the accents, and is to be found in all words of more than one syllable; as, *wo'man, rebuke'*.

2. The secondary is an accent of lighter weight used in connection with the primary and on some other than the principal syllable. It is used when there are more syllables than can be pronounced without the extra support of voice. Examples.—*in''destruct'ible, ad''aman'tine.*

3. The tertiary is the lightest of the accents, and is used only in connection with the others in certain very long words, its use being the same as that of the secondary; namely, to relieve the ear and support the voice; for example, *in'''destruct''ibil'ity, incom''prehen''sibil'ity.*

Variation of Accent.

The change of position of the accent in English serves a variety of purposes.

1. It shows contrast. It enables us to show the difference in meaning between words of similar form when they are placed in opposition; for example, "Shall we ascend'?" "No, let us de'scend." "This syllable is mut'able and that, im'mutable."

Accent may be used to imply a contrast when but one of the opposed words is given. Example. — "For my soul, what can it do to that, being a thing im'mortal as itself!"

2. It distinguishes parts of speech. In cases where examples of different parts of speech, not monosyllables, have the same form, it is thought best by lexicographers to mark the distinction in most instances by a change of accent; hence it varies : —

(a) To distinguish between a noun and a verb : —

con'trast	contrast'
cem'ent	cement'
ac'cent	accent'
pro'gress	progress'
ov'erthrow	overthrow'

(b) To distinguish an adjective from a verb : —

per'fect	perfect'
ab'sent	absent'
fre'quent	frequent'
pre'sent (or noun)	present'
re'bel (or noun)	rebel'

(c) To distinguish a noun from an adjective : —

Au'gust	august'
com'pact	compact'
gal'lant'	gal'lant
min'ute	minute'

It must not be understood that all dissyllables used as nouns or adjectives and verbs vary in accent. The following are some of the exceptions to this rule : —

abuse'	abuse'
diffuse'	diffuse'
excuse'	excuse'

3. To satisfy metre. Poets sometimes deviate from a generally accepted authority in accent, and place it where the verse requires it. "The bride had consented, the *gal'lant* came late." "As hardy as the *Ne'mean* lion's nerve."

4. For dialectic purposes. In pronouncing broken English as foreigners pronounce it, the accent varies to suit the dialect; for instance, the French place the accent upon the second syllable of a dissyllable, about equally on the first and third of a trisyllable, and, in a polysyllable, on every other one beginning with the second; for example, in the following passage from *Innocents Abroad*: "I show you beau'tiful', O, magni'ficent' bust of Chris'topher Col'umbo', splendid', grand, magni'ficent'! Dis'cover' Amer'ica', dis'cover' Amer'ica'!" (Mark Twain).

The position of accent is determined by usage. There is a growing tendency to draw it back as nearly as possible to the first syllable. For explicit rules in regard to accent, the student is referred as before to the leading lexicographers.

Words commonly mispronounced.

We append the following list of words that are ordinarily mispronounced. It will be inferred from what has already been said that a word when mispronounced must be defective in at least one of four things: in consonant sound, in quality of vowel sound, syllabication, or accent.

1. Words in which one or more consonant sounds are made defective:—

absolve	desist	jocose	often
anchovy	disaster	languor	orison
apostle	disdain	licorice	paths
archipelago	effusive	loth	piquantly
beneath	equation	magnesia	profuse
blouse	exclusive	mausoleum	pronunciation
booth	exhale	menagerie	salmon
Caucasian	exordium	nasal	shriek
denunciate	explosive	nausea	truths
derision	falcon	noose	version, etc.

2. Words commonly pronounced with some improper modification of vowel sound :—

alder	brooch	granary	monad
apex	clique	haunches	national
apparatus	data	hearth	parent
audacious	docile	heinous	patronage
aunt	dolorous	hoof	plover
bath	ducat	hover	pretty
brew	due	inveigle	raillery
bravado	extol	legate	rapacious
breeches	finis	lenient	strata
bronchitis	gratis	mandamus	thought, etc.

3. Words in which syllabication is often defective :—

ameliorate	beauteous	elm	javelin
ambrosial	bivouac	Elysium	nauseous
antipodes	business	egregious	odious
aphelion	caisson	extraordinary	orator
appreciate	cerements	gaol	ordeal
arduous	chasm	heaven	pageant
audience	ciliary	helm	prescience
axiom	cocoa	ideal	rhythm
bachelor	contrariety	individual	soldier
barbarous	desuetude	ingredient	viceroy, etc.

4. Words in which the accent is commonly misplaced :—

abdomen	construe	gladiolus	occult
ally	contumely	illustrated	opponent
Belial	decorous	indissoluble	ordeal
brigand	diocesan	inquiry	orthoepy
callopie	disputable	lyceum	orchestra
camelopard	disinterestedness	mandarin	precedence
canine	etiquette	mirage	pyramidal
catafalque	exemplary	mischievous	romance
coadjutor	extant	museum	routine
commandant	finance	obdurate	tribune, etc.

These lists may be supplemented indefinitely. Let the student consult a standard dictionary, and mark each of the above words as indicated therein, and then pronounce them over repeatedly with distinctness and accuracy. This is the surest means of acquiring good habits of pronunciation.

PART III.

THE ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

There are four great elements of vocal expression; namely, *Quality*, *Force*, *Pitch*, and *Time*. With definitions of the first three we will pass on to the last, which will be of greatest practical benefit to Fifth Reader students.

QUALITY means the kind or timbre of a sound, the purity or impurity of a tone. The reader should attempt to read in as pure a quality as possible, unless the thought or emotion is of a harsh, malignant, or secret nature. Much beauty may be added to the voice, even without a knowledge of all the principles of elocution, by carefully developing one's pure qualities of tone.

FORCE is the power with which the sound is sent forth from the vocal organs. We should read or speak loud enough to be heard by the audience, and at the same time we should avoid straining the voice or giving the impression of trying to speak loud. One great help toward being heard is the art of making your audience listen to you. In other words, you must read so correctly or speak so entertainingly that the audience will try to hear you. Do not raise your Pitch to a high key, but simply increase the Force with which you are speaking.

Let the pupils give the expression, "Ladies and gentlemen" to an audience of twenty persons. Now give the same to an audience of five hundred persons, without increasing the degree of Pitch.

PITCH relates to the location, variation, and succession of speech notes in the scale. By location we mean whether the word is in high, middle, or low Pitch. By variation we mean that the note is inflected from one degree of Pitch to another, and thus we have the rising inflections, which are anticipative or questioning, and the falling inflections, which are positive or conclusive in expression. Succession means that continued change of degree and inflection which gives variety and beauty of melody. A speaker may make the melody of a spoken sentence as varied and beautiful as that of a song.

TIME is the duration of utterance. The three subdivisions of Time are *Quantity*, *Pause*, and *Movement*.

Quantity is the length of time spent in the utterance of a sound.

Pause is the length of time spent in silence between the utterance of words, clauses, or sentences.

Movement is the degree of rapidity or the rate with which we utter a series of words or a sentence.

There are three subdivisions of Quantity; viz. Long, Moderate, and Short. Long quantity is used only in the long sounds to bring out solemnity, pathos, grandeur, or calling, as in "Apostrophe to the Ocean" (page 315), or "The Nineteenth Psalm" (page 341). Much of the sing-song, drawling utterance in reading is due to placing long quantity on short sounds. Short quantity is characteristic of gaiety, joy, or excitability of any kind, the language of which usually contains a predominance of words composed largely of short sounds (see selections on pages 71, 104, and 123). The pupils can easily determine the long and short sounds by referring to the "Table of English Sounds," page xii.

For the purposes of this volume we give two kinds of pauses; viz. Grammatical and Rhetorical.

Grammatical pauses divide the written discourse into such heads and subdivisions as will make the sense apparent to the eye. They are indicated by the punctuation marks.

Rhetorical pauses are much more numerous and refer themselves to the ear. They divide spoken language into its proper parts, so that the sense may be understood at first hearing. These are regulated by a general law: when you have words enough to make one idea, group them together and separate them from all other words by pauses. For example: "John went to town | bought a new hat | and returned home." There are three ideas in this sentence, which should be separated as indicated by the above marking.

But in order that the pupil may know more exactly where to make the rhetorical pauses, we subjoin the following diagram, which is based upon the rhetorical laws of language.

The Rhetorical Pause should be used

Before	1. Relative pronouns. "Here is the man whose name I mentioned."
	2. Disjunctive conjunctions. "He is poor but honest."
	3. Adjectives and adverbs following the words they modify. "The man contented came boldly."
	4. Infinitive phrases, except when the infinitive phrase is the object of the verb and is embodied in the idea. "He came to buy land." Exception. — "I want to go to town."
	5. Prepositional phrases, except when the preposition is embodied in the idea. "The house was hidden by the walls." Exception. — "Give me a cup of water."
Between	1. Syllables or words that will not coalesce. "She sells sea-shells."
	2. Words of a series. "Men women and children were taken."
	3. Clauses. "He promised and was trusted."
After	1. Moderately emphatic words. "Men's <i>votes</i> were what he wanted."
	2. Words preceding ellipses. "He did his duty, and I mine."
	3. Words or phrases used independently. "Songs of home and love they charm most."
	4. Nominative phrases. "To do good was her delight."
Before and After	1. Very emphatic words. "No, never will I submit."
	2. Transposed words, phrases, or clauses. "And upon this seat I'll rest."
	3. Words or phrases in apposition. "It was Simon Peter and Andrew his brother."
	4. Direct quotations. "He said, 'Mock me not,' and fled."
	5. Parenthetical expressions. "This question as it seems must be settled."

Let the student mark any selection by this table and read it, carefully observing all the marked pauses. In time the habit of pausing correctly will be fixed, and these pausing places will be recognized as quickly as the words themselves.

Movement may be divided into Slow, Moderate, or Rapid. The slow should be used for solemn thoughts, the moderate for ordinary thoughts, and the rapid for excitability of any kind.

PART IV.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ACTION.

We can give only a meagre outline of this subject here. In elocution action means any physical manifestation of thought and feeling in expression. In treating the subject we divide it into Facial Expression, Gesture, Position of Feet, Poise, and Attitudes of Body.

Facial Expression. There is a marked difference between this and the other divisions of the subject, in that we do not see our own faces in speaking, but we are often painfully conscious of our hands, feet, and bodies. Perhaps the best suggestion we can give here is to feel what you say; and, barring bad facial habits, which should be corrected by the teacher, the face will usually express your earnestness or feeling.

Gesture. Back of all gesture there must be the impulse to gesture; without it you rob all gestures of their true meaning, and the mechanical execution of the form becomes apparent to the audience. Better a good impulse with a poor gesture than a beautiful gesture with no impulse. However, we give cuts of six significant gestures which the student may practise with a view to improving his form of gesture.



HAND SUPINE.

The hand *supine* is the simplest form of gesture and is used in ordinary emphasis, asking, assertion, determination, demand, etc., according to the high, middle, or low plane in which it is made.



HAND REFLEX.

The hand *reflex* implies concentration, reflection, and reference to one's inward thought, conscience, or feeling, according to the mental, moral, or vital zones to which the hand comes.



HAND INDEX.

The hand with the *index* finger points out a specific object, according to the plane in which it is located.



HAND AVERSE.

The hand or hands *averse* is used to express repulsion, removal, deprecation, aversion, abhorrence, fear, surprise, wonder, awe, in the different planes in which they are used.



HAND CLENCHED.

The hand *clenched* is used to express strong emphasis, vehemence, strong resolution, determined resolve, anger, defiance, etc., in whatever plane the object of these sentiments may be located.



HANDS CLASPED.

The hands *clasped* indicate entreaty, supplication, prayer, and adoration, according to the location of the external object inspiring the action. Usually the object is in the upper plane.

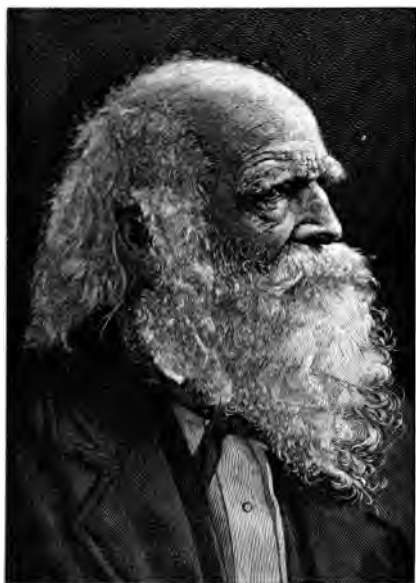
In practising these as a drill, the student should fix some appropriate language to each, and think the thought or feel the emotion implied in that language. Gesture should not be used in the simple reading from a book. The book should be held easily, firmly, at the right distance from the eye, and not between the face of the reader and the audience.

Position of Feet, Poise, and Attitudes of Body must be omitted here, with the brief suggestion that the pupil, either in reading or speaking, should stand with the feet at an angle of about 75°, with the weight thrown upon the balls of the feet, the hips thrown backward, the chest held up and full, and the head erect.

For a full discussion and elaboration of the topics touched upon in this brief Introduction, the student is referred to the *Practical Elocution*, published by Ginn & Co.

FULTON & TRUEBLOOD.

1



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FIFTH READER.



I.—A PICTURE OF A STORM AT SEA.

1. It is evening on the ocean. The weary sun has just hidden his face behind a cold, gray, misty veil.

Now heavy clouds roll up in the east, and spread out over the whole sky. The trembling stars put out their lights and hide behind the dark curtain.

2. The night wind sighs and moans as if in answer to the lonely call of the stray sea-bird, seeking a pathway shoreward through the darkness.

Now comes a sound of rushing water. The surface is churned into foam. Great waves spring from the angry sea and lash themselves in foaming fury.

3. Suddenly a tongue of flames flashes through the clouds and shoots across the sky. The air seems filled with barking, howling monsters, whose voices shake the very depths of old ocean.

Rain pours down in torrents. The grand storm at sea has begun !

4. Flash after flash lights every corner of the heavens. The clouds are torn into shreds. Peal upon peal of jarring thunder rolls out over the water. Then the sky becomes dark again, and the wind settles down with a dreary moan.

5. Ah! but you should see old ocean now!

Far as the eye can reach, the phosphorescent sea is filled with pale flame, as if swarms of fireflies were flashing their tiny lanterns in every wave!

6. Flying spray looks like shooting stars. Shoals of fish dart about like flights of flaming arrows. The breaking waves are fringed with brightest silver on every crest.

Now the sky becomes a vast fireplace. Dark clouds hang over head like thick smoke. Plunging whales are burning logs. Leaping fish are sparks thrown up only to fall back again into the fiery sea.

7. Again and again the lightning flashes through the clouds. Heavy thunder crashes and groans. Rivers of water seem to pour from the broken clouds. Now above, now below, Nature shows her grandest fireworks.

8. At length the storm goes by. The dark clouds are drawn aside, and beautiful stars look down once more.

But for a long time the water rises and falls as if panting from its long struggle with the fierce gale.

Then the weary raindrops lie down in the cradle of the sea, and the great waves rock them to sleep.

— *From Brooks and Brook Basins.* ALEX. E. FRYE.

Method of Study. — Biographical or explanatory notes, questions, and suggestions for each lesson will be found in the Appendix. Pupils and teachers are referred to them for aid in the preparation of lessons.

Principles and methods of Vocal Training and Expression in Reading are given in the Introduction, but are intended to form a part of each day's lesson in the reader proper. — ED.

11.—EYES AND NO EYES.

1. Everything which helps a boy's power of observation helps his power of learning; and I know from experience that nothing helps one's power of observation so much as the study of the world about us, and especially the study of natural history. To be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come upon anything new, and to be quick at seeing when things are like and when unlike,—this makes one a skilful observer. And this *must*, and I well know *does*, help to make a boy observant, shrewd, and accurate, in the common affairs of life.

2. When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book, called "Evenings at Home," in which was a great story, called "Eyes and No Eyes," and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read.

3. A regular old-fashioned story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins:—

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils, at the close of a holiday. O, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull; he saw hardly a single person. He had rather have gone by the turn-pike road.

"But where is William?"

O, William started with him, but he was so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that, that Robert would rather walk alone, and so went on.

4. Presently in comes Master William, dressed, no doubt, as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago, with frill collar, and tight, skeleton monkey-jacket, and tight trousers buttoned over it, and a pair of low shoes, which always came off if you stepped into heavy ground. Terribly dirty and wet he is ; but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and he has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

5. He has got a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is ; he has seen a woodpecker and a wheat-ear, and gathered strange flowers off the heath, and hunted a pewit because he thought its wing was broken, till, of course, it led him into a bog ; but he did not mind, for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting. Then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and because the place was called Campmount, he looked for a Roman camp, and found the ruins of one. Then he went on and saw twenty things more ; and so on, till he had brought home curiosities and thoughts enough to last him a week.

6. Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities ; and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

7. Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough, in his solemn, old-fashioned way : " So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut ; and upon this depends all the superiority of

knowledge which one acquires over the other. I have known sailors who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind.

8. "While many a thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use."

9. And when I read that story as a little boy, I said to myself, "I *will* be Mr. Eyes; I will *not* be Mr. No Eyes"; and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since; and Mr. Eyes I advise you to be if you wish to be happy and successful.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



III. — ALEXANDER'S FIRST TRIUMPH.

1. Philoni'cus the Thessalian brought the horse Buceph'alus to Philip, offering to sell him for thirteen talents; but when the attendants went into the field to try him, they found him so very vicious and unmanageable that he reared up when they endeavored to mount him, and would not so much as endure the voice of any of them.

2. Philip was displeased at their bringing him so wild and ungovernable a horse and bade them take him away, but as they were leading him away as wholly intractable and useless, Alexander, who stood by, said, "What an excellent horse do they lose, for want of skill and spirit to manage him!"

3. Philip at first took no notice of the words of his son; but when he heard him repeat the same thing several times, and saw that he was much vexed that the horse should be sent away, he said, "Do you reproach those that are older than yourself, as if you knew more, and were better able than they to manage the horse?"

"I could manage him," he said, "better than others do."

"And if you do not," said Philip, "what will you forfeit for your rashness?"

"I will pay the whole price of the horse," said Alexander.

4. At this the whole company fell to laughing; but as soon as the agreement was settled amongst them, Alexander immediately ran to the horse, and, taking hold of the bridle, turned him directly toward the sun, having, it seems, observed that the animal was disturbed and frightened by the motion of his own shadow.

5. Then the youth, letting him go forward a little, still keeping the reins in his hand, and stroking him gently, when he found him growing eager and fiery, let fall his upper garment softly, and with one nimble leap securely mounted him. When he was seated, by little and little he drew in the bridle, and curbed him without either striking or spurring him. Presently, when he

found him free from all rebelliousness, and only impatient for the course, he let him go at full speed, inciting him now with a commanding voice, and urging him also with his heel.

6. Philip and his friends looked on at first in silence and anxiety for the result, till, seeing Alexander turn at the end of his career, and come back rejoicing and triumphant for what he had performed, they all burst out into acclamations of applause. His father, shedding tears, it is said, for joy, kissed him as he came down from his horse, and in his transport exclaimed, "O my son, look thee out a kingdom worthy of thyself, for Macedonia is too small for thee!"

7. After this, considering his son to be of a temper easy to be led to duty by reason, but by no means to be compelled, Philip always endeavored to persuade him rather than to command or force him. He saw that the instruction of his son was too difficult and important to be wholly trusted to the ordinary masters in music and poetry, and that it required, in the words of Sophocles,

"The rudder's guidance and the curb's restraint."

8. He therefore sent for Aristotle, the most learned philosopher of his time, and rewarded him with a munificence becoming the care he took to teach his son.

Alexander gained from him not only moral and political knowledge, but was also instructed in those more profound branches of science which they did not communicate to common scholars.

PLUTARCH.

IV.—A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

1. Noon by the north clock! noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a rough time of it! And among all the public characters chosen at the March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the Town Pump?

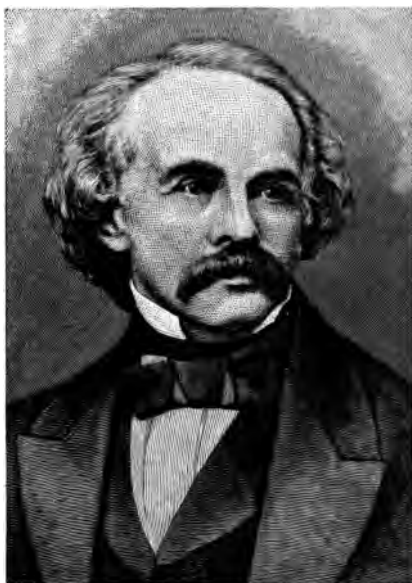
2. The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire-department, and one of the physicians of the board of health.

3. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, down-right, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post.

4. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and to keep people out of the gutters.

5. At this sultry noontide I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice, "Here it is, gentlemen! here is the good liquor! Walk up—walk up, gentlemen! walk up! walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price. Here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay!" "Walk up, gentlemen! walk up, and help yourselves!"

6. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come! A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat! You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish! Drink, and make room for that other fellow who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potatoes—which he drained from no cup of mine.

7. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by, and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

8. Who next?—Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child! put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

9. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir! no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town

Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind-legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

10. Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept the whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch-bark.

11. Governor Winthrop drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath-days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house which partly covered the site of yonder *stately brick one*.

12. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast its waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a fitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets.

13. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you, with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

14. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly

they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



V.—THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace, —
From my heart I give thee joy ;
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride —
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O, for boyhood's painless play ;
Sleep that wakes in laughing day ;
Health that mocks the doctor's rules ;
Knowledge (never learned of schools)
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the groundmole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans ! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,

When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for;—
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day, and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;

While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra ;
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire ; —
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can,
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat ;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil
Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground, —
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

VI. THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

1. The Indians were savages, but seldom degraded savages. They lived by hunting, fishing, and agriculture. Their farming, however, was of the rudest kind. For weapons they had bows and arrows, hatchets made of flint, and heavy clubs.

The Indian believed in a strict division of duties. He did the hunting, the fighting, the scalping; his wife did the work. She built the wigwam, or hut of bark. She planted and hoed the corn and tobacco. She made deerskin clothes for the family. When they moved, she carried the furniture on her back. Her housekeeping was simple. She kindled a fire on the ground by rubbing two dry sticks rapidly together; then she roasted the meat on the coals, or boiled it in an earthen pot. There was always plenty of smoke and dirt; but no one complained. House-cleaning was unknown.

2. The most ingenious work of the Indians was seen in the moccasin, the snow-shoe, and the birch-bark canoe. The moccasin was a shoe made of buckskin, — durable, soft, pliant, noiseless. It was the best covering for a hunter's foot that human skill ever contrived.

The snow-shoe was a light frame of wood, covered with a network of strings of hide, and having such a broad surface that the wearer could walk on top of the snow in pursuit of game. Without it the Indian might have starved in a severe winter, since only by its use could he run down the deer at this season.

3. The birch-bark canoe was light, strong, and easily propelled. It made the Indian master of every lake, river, and stream. Wherever there were water-ways he could travel quickly, silently, and with little effort. If he liked, he could go in his own private conveyance from the source of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, or from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Falls of Niagara.

4. Politically, the Indian was free. Each tribe had a chief, but the chief had little real power. All important matters were settled by councils. The records of these councils were kept in a peculiar manner. The Indian could not write, but he could make pictures that often did as well. The treaty made by the Indians with William Penn was commemorated by a belt made of "wampum," or strings of beads. It represented an Indian and a white man clasping each other by the hand in token of friendship. That was the record of the peace established between them.

5. But quite independent of any picture, the arrangement of the beads and their colors had a meaning. When a council was held, a belt was made to show what had been done. Every tribe had its "wampum" interpreters. By examination of a belt they could tell what action had been taken at any public meeting in the past.

6. The beads of these "wampum" strings had another use: they served for money, a certain number of them representing a certain fixed value. But the Indian rarely needed these beads for this purpose. The forest

supplied him and his family with food, clothes, and medicine. Under such circumstances a pocket full of money would have been as useless to him as to a bear.

7. Socially, the Indian had less liberty than the white man. He was bound by customs handed down from his forefathers. He could not marry outside his tribe. He could not sit in whatever seat he chose at a council. He could not even paint his face any color he fancied; for a young man who had won no honors in battle would no more have dared to decorate himself like a veteran warrior than a private soldier in the United States army would venture to appear at parade in the uniform of a major-general.

8. Each tribe had a "totem," or badge, to designate it. The "totem" was usually the picture of some animal. Among the Iroquois the figures of the Bear, Turtle, and Wolf were the coats-of-arms of the "first families" of the Indian aristocracy. The "totem" was also used as a mark on gravestones, and as a seal. The old deeds of land often bear these Indian marks, just as a grant of land made now by the United States has the government seal appended to it.

9. The Indian usually believed in a Great Spirit—all-powerful, wise, and good; but he also believed in many inferior spirits, some good and some evil.

Often he worshipped the evil spirits most. He reasoned in this way: The Great Spirit will not hurt me, even if I do not pray to him, for he is good; but if I neglect the evil spirits, they may do me mischief.

10. Beyond this life the Indian looked for another.

There the brave warrior who had taken many scalps would enter the happy hunting-grounds; there demons would flog the coward to never-ending tasks.

It has sometimes been said that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian"; but judged by his own standard of right and wrong, the red man was conscientious. He would not steal from his own tribe, he would not lie to his friends, he did not become a drunkard till the white man taught him.

11. The Indian rarely expressed his feelings in words, but he frequently painted them on his face. You could tell by his color whether he meant peace or war, whether he had heard good news or bad. He sometimes laughed and shouted; he seldom if ever wept. From childhood he was taught to despise pain. A row of little Indian boys would sometimes put live coals under their naked arms, and then press them close to their bodies. The game was, to see which one would first raise his arms, and drop the coal. The one that held out longest became the leader. If an Indian lad met with an accident, and was mortally wounded, he scorned to complain; he sang his "death-song," and died like a veteran warrior.

12. Generally speaking, the Indians tortured their captives. They wanted to see how much agony they could bear without crying out. The surest way for a prisoner to save his life was to show that he was not afraid to lose it. The red man never failed to show his respect for courage. An instance is found in the case of General Stark of New Hampshire. He was taken prisoner by the Indians (1752) and condemned to run

the gauntlet. Two long rows of stalwart young warriors were formed. Each man had a club or stick to strike Stark as he passed. But Stark was equal to the occasion. Just as he started on the terrible race for life he snatched a club out of the hands of the nearest Indian, and knocking down the astonished savages right and left, he escaped almost unhurt. The old men of the tribe, who stood near, roared with laughter to see the spruce young warriors sprawling in the dust. Instead of torturing Stark, they treated him as a hero.

13. The Indian was a treacherous and cruel enemy, but a steadfast friend. He thought at first that the white man was a celestial being who had come from heaven to visit him. He soon found out his mistake, and acted accordingly. He could return good for good, but he knew nothing of returning good for evil; on the contrary, he always paid bad treatment by bad treatment, and never forgot to add some interest. If he made a treaty he kept it sacredly; it is said that in no instance can it be proved that he was first to break such an agreement. Those of the early white settlers who made friends with the red man had no cause to regret it.

14. The Indian's school was the woods. Whatever the woods can teach that is useful — and they can teach much — that he learned. He knew the properties of every plant and the habits of every animal. The natives taught the white man many of these things, but the most useful of all the lessons the American barbarians gave the civilized Europeans was how to raise corn in the forest without first clearing the land.

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15. They showed them how to kill the trees by burning or girdling them. Then when the leaves no longer grew, the sun would shine on the soil, and ripen the corn. There were times in the history of the early settlements of white men when that knowledge saved them from starvation; for often they had neither time nor strength to clear the soil for planting.

16. But the results of contact between the two races did not end here. The alliances formed between the Indians and the English on the one hand, or the Indians and French, who were rivals and enemies of the English, on the other, had important historical results. The hostility of the Iroquois nations of New York to the French in Canada prevented the French from getting possession of the Hudson River, and so separating the English colonies of New England from those of Virginia and Pennsylvania. This was a decided advantage to the English settlers, who thus got a firm foothold on the Atlantic coast.

17. Finally, the Indian wars prevented the English from scattering over the country. These contests forced them to stand by each other, and thus trained them for union and for independence.

D. H. MONTGOMERY.



VII. — WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-arm ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;

Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No! *Men* — high-minded *men* —
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, break, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;

Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.

These constitute a state ;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress : crowning good, repressing ill.

Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend discretion like a vapor sinks ;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle ;
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore !

No more shall Freedom smile ?
Shall Britons languish and be men no more ?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

VIII. — LOVE OF COUNTRY.

I.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land ;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SCOTT.

II.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last
time the sun of heaven, may I not see him shining on
the broken and dishonored fragments of a once-glorious
Union ; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on
a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in
fraternal blood ! Let their last feeble and lingering
glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic,
now known and honored throughout the earth, still

full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterward;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — **LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!**

DANIEL WEBSTER.



IX.—THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS.

1. The interposition of Divine Providence was eminently conspicuous in the first general Congress. What men! what patriots! what independent, heroic spirits! Chosen by the unbiased people, — chosen, as all public servants ought to be, without favor and without fear, — what an august assembly of sages! Rome, in the height of her glory, fades before it.

2. There never was, in any age or nation, a body of men, who, for general information, for the judicious use of the results of civil and political history, for eloquence and virtue, for true dignity, elevation, and grandeur of soul, could stand a comparison with the first American Congress! See what the people will do, when left to

themselves, to their unbiased good sense, and to their true interests! The ferocious Gaul would have dropped his sword at the hall-door, and have fled, thunderstruck, as from an assembly of gods!

3. Whom do I behold? — A Hancock, a Jefferson, an Adams, a Henry, a Lee, a Rutledge! Glory to your immortal spirits! On you depend the destinies of your country, — the fate of three millions of men, and of the countless millions of their posterity! Shall these be slaves, or will you make a noble stand for liberty, against a power whose triumphs are already co-extensive with the earth; whose legions trample on thrones and sceptres; whose thunders bellow on every ocean? How tremendous the occasion! How vast the responsibility!

4. The president and all the members of this august assembly take their seats. Every countenance tells the mighty struggle within. Every tongue is silent. It is a pause in nature, — that solemn, awful stillness, which precedes the earthquake and tornado! At length, Demosthenes rises, — he only is adequate to the great occasion, — the Virginian Demosthenes, the mighty Henry! What dignity! What majesty! Every eye fastens upon him. Firm, erect, undaunted, he rolls on the mighty torrent of his eloquence.

5. What a picture he draws of the horrors of servitude and the charms of freedom! At once, he gives the full rein to all his gigantic powers, and pours his own heroic spirit into the minds of his auditors; they become as one man — actuated by one soul; and the universal shout is, "Liberty or Death!" This single

speech, of this illustrious man, gave an impulse which probably decided the fate of America.

JONATHAN MAXCY.



X. — LIBERTY OR DEATH!

1. MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

2. For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

3. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious

reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

4. Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, What means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

5. No, sir, she has none; they are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them?

6. Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

7. Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have sup-

plicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

8. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

9. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir: We must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

10. They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

11. Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of

those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

12. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone: there is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

13. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir: Let it come!

14. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

15. What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

XI. — BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

1. I am asked, What good will the monument do? And I ask, What good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do any good? The persons who suggest this objection, of course, think that there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should, therefore, like to have the idea of good explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements.

2. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel and carted off to fill up the mill-pond; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things.

3. Does a railroad or a canal do good? Answer: Yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich.

And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end; gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use, — are these good? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one.

4. But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life — feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox — entitled to be called good? Certainly not.

But these improvements increase the population.

And what good does that do? What is the good in counting twelve millions instead of six of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals?

5. There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions — and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good — which flow from them.

6. Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments — sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country — feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good — good, humanly speaking, of the highest order.

It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to cherish, animate, and strengthen such feelings, does as much right-down practical good as filling low grounds and building railroads.

EDWARD EVERETT.



XII. — THE SECRET OF CONTENT.

1. The other day, as I was walking on one of the streets of Newport, I saw a little girl standing before the window of a milliner's shop. It was a very rainy day. The pavement of the sidewalks on this street is so sunken and irregular that in wet weather, unless one

walks with care he steps continually into small wells of water. Up to her ankles in one of these wells stood the little girl, apparently as unconscious as if she were high and dry before a fire. It was a very cold day, too. I was hurrying along, wrapped in furs, and not quite warm enough even so.

2. The child was but thinly clothed. She wore an old plaid shawl and a ragged knit hood of scarlet worsted. One little red ear stood out unprotected by the hood, and drops of water trickled down over it from her hair. She seemed to be pointing with her finger at articles in the window, and talking to some one inside. I watched her for several moments, and then crossed the street to see what it all meant.

3. I stole noiselessly up behind her, and she did not hear me. The window was full of artificial flowers of the cheapest sort, but of very gay colors. Here and there a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace had been tastefully added, and the whole effect was really remarkably gay and pretty. Tap, tap, tap, went the small hand against the window-pane, and with every tap the unconscious little creature murmured, in a half-whispering, half-singing voice: "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

4. I stood motionless. I could not see her face, but there was in her whole attitude and tone the heartiest content and delight. I moved a little to the right, hoping to see her face without her seeing me, but the slight movement caught her ear, and in a second she had sprung aside and turned toward me. The spell was broken.

She was no longer the queen of an air-castle, decking herself in all the rainbow-hues which pleased her eye. She was a poor beggar child, out in the rain, and a little frightened at the approach of a stranger. She did not move away, however, but stood eying me irresolutely, with that pathetic mixture of interrogation and defiance in her face which is so often seen in the prematurely developed faces of poverty-stricken children.

5. "Aren't the colors pretty?" I said. She brightened instantly. "Yes, ma'am; I'd like a gown of that blue color." "But you will take cold standing in the wet," said I. "Won't you come under my umbrella?" She looked down at her wet dress suddenly, as if it had not occurred to her before that it was raining. Then she drew first one little foot and then the other out of the muddy puddle in which she had been standing, and moving a little closer to the window, said, "I'm not going home just yet, ma'am. I'd like to stay here a while."

6. So I left her. But after I had gone a few blocks the impulse seized me to return by a cross-street and see if she were still there. Tears sprang to my eyes as I first caught sight of the upright little figure, standing in the same spot, still pointing with the rhythmic finger to the blues and reds and yellows, and half chanting under her breath as before: "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

7. I went quietly on my way, without disturbing her again. But I said in my heart, "I will remember you all my life!" Why should days be ever dark, life

ever be colorless? There is always sun ; there are always blue and scarlet and yellow and purple. We cannot reach them, perhaps, but we can see them ; if it is only "through a glass" and "darkly," still we can see them. We can "choose" our colors.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



XIII. — THE POOR AND THE RICH.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares,
The bank may break, the factory burn,
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands would scarcely earn
A living that would suit his turn ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;

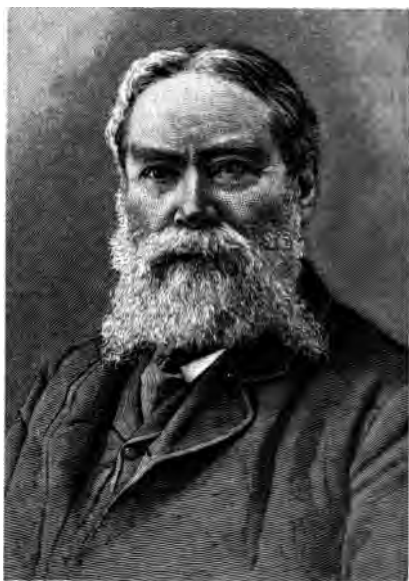
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from enjoyment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands —
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son, scorn not thy state!
There is worse weariness than thine, —
In being merely rich and great:
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign, —



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last —
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past!
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

J. R. LOWELL.



XIV. — BEGINNING TO WRITE.

1. From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was laid out in books. Pleased with the "Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy Burton's "Historical Collections"; they were small books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all.

2. "Plutarch's Lives" I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called "An Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's, called "Essays to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

3. This bookish inclination at length determined my

father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother.

4. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books.

5. An acquaintance with the apprentices of book-sellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small book, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

6. After some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put *me on composing occasional ballads.*

7. One was called the "Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters, the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style; and, when they were printed, he sent me about town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise.

8. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet — most probably a very bad one; but as prose-writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

9. About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand.

10. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But

I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses ; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse, and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

11. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterward with the original, I discovered many faults, and amended them ; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language ; and this encouraged me to think I might possibly, in time, come to be a tolerable English writer — of which I was extremely ambitious.

12. My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which



gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us.

13. Hearing their conversation, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under the door of the printing-house.

14. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose, now, that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that, perhaps, they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



XV. — PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

1. Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to

barter their commodities, instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards.

2. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts, by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

3. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

4. Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at courts — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part

of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

5. All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

6. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box, were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

7. When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young

ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.

8. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

9. On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

10. There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridemaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

11. The mint-master also was pleased with his new

son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use, for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

12. "Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

13. "And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

14. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in

the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

15. Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

16. "There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



XVI — CONVERSATION.

1. Conversational power is a gift of birth. It is some men's nature to talk. Words flow out incessantly like drops from a spring in the hillside, not because they are solicited, but because pushed out by an inward force that will not let them lie still. We have known persons whose tongues ran from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same. One sentence ran into another as continuously as one link in an endless chain took hold of another link. We always marvel whether they do not wake up of nights and have a good talk by themselves, just for the relief it would give them.

2. From this extreme there is every degree of modification until we come to the opposite extreme, in which men seem unable, certainly unwilling, to utter their thoughts. Some men are poor in simple language. They have thoughts enough, but the symbols of thought — words — refuse to present themselves, or come singly and stingily. Others are silent from the stricture of secretiveness. Others are cautious and look before they speak, and before they are ready the occasion has passed.

3. In regard to language itself, the habit of reading pure English and of employing it every day is the best drill for a talker. People always act more naturally in their every-day clothes than they do when dressed up for Sunday, and the reason is, that they are unconscious in the one case and self-conscious in the other. It is so in speech. If one allows himself to talk coarsely and vulgarly every day and out of company, he will most assuredly find it not easy to talk well in company.

4. Habit is stronger than intention, and somewhere the common run of speech will break through and betray you. To converse well at some times requires that you should converse well at all times. Avoid all vulgarisms, all street colloquialisms, even when they are not vicious; for by-words and slang sentences amuse only while they are new. As soon as they become habitual they corrupt your language, without any equivalent in amusement.

The best language in the world is that which is so simple and transparent that no one thinks of the words

which you use, but only of the thought or feeling which they express.

H. W. BEECHER.



XVII. — HOW AN INDIAN BOY EARNED HIS NAME.

I.

1. The mountain countries of the earth have always been wonderlands. People are always exploring them, but they keep their secrets remarkably well.

The great western mountain country of the United States is made up of range after range of wonderful peaks and ridges. Right in the eastern edge of one of these mountain ridges, one warm September morning, a band of Nez Perces Indians were encamped.

2. The camp was in a sort of nook, and it was not easy to say whether the mountain jutted out into the plain, or a spur of the plain made a dent in the rugged line of the mountain. More than a dozen "lodges," made of skins upheld by poles, were scattered around on the smoother spots not far from a bubbling spring. There were trees and bushes and patches of grass near the spring, but the little brook which trickled from it, did not travel a great way into the world before it was soaked up by the sand and gravel. Up and beyond the spring, the farther one chose to look the rockier and ruggedger it became. Take it all together, it was a most forlorn looking place. The very lodges themselves, and the human beings around them, made it appear the

more pitifully desolate. The spring was the only thing that seemed to be cheerful and alive.

3. There were Indians and squaws to be seen, a number of them, and boys and girls of all sizes, and some of the squaws carried papooses, but they all looked as if they had entirely given up hope.

There was not a quadruped of any kind to be seen in or about the camp. Behind this fact lay the secret of the whole matter. These Indians were starving! Days and days before they had been away out on the plains to the eastward hunting for buffalo. They had found the grass dry and parched by a long drought so that no buffalo in his senses was likely to be there. Their own ponies could hardly get a living by picking all night.

4. Then one afternoon a great swarm of locusts had found where they were, and alighted upon them just as a westerly wind died out. All through the evening the Nez Perces had heard the harsh tinkling hum of these devourers, as they argued among themselves whether it were best to stay and dig for the roots of the grass. The wind came up suddenly and strongly about midnight and the locusts decided to take advantage of it and sail away after better grass, but they did not leave grass behind them as they went.

5. The band of Nez Perces would have moved away the next morning under any circumstances, but when morning came, they were in a terrible predicament,—a worse disaster had befallen them than the visit of the locusts. It was the work of a wicked old mule.

The ponies and mules of the band had been tethered

in what is called a "corral," only that it had no fence, at a short distance from the lodges.

Nobody dreamed of danger, and there was none save from a wicked old mule.

6. He was hungry and vicious. He was fastened by a long hide lariat to a peg driven into the ground, as were all the others, and he knew that the best place to gnaw in two that lariat was close to the peg, where he could get a good pull upon it.

As soon as he had freed himself he tried the lariat of another mule and found the peg driven loosely, so that he could pull it up. With more or less tugging others came up, and as fast as they did so a pony was set free.

7. It was just after three o'clock, and in one minute the whole corral was racing westward with boys and men getting out of breath behind it. And when morning came there were hardly ponies enough to pack the lodges and other baggage, and every soul of the band had to carry something as they set off early upon the trail of the stampeded drove of ponies.

8. After that there had been day after day of weary plodding and continual disappointment. The few ponies and the dogs had to be eaten, and now at last they sat down to starve, with no prospect of game of any kind. Every member except two was helplessly doing nothing.

9. Away from the camp a long mile there was a wide spread of sage-bushes. In among such growths are apt to be found sage-hens and rabbits, and sometimes antelopes, but the warriors had decided that they had hunted

out all the game that had been there, and had given the bushes up. Two, who were not warriors, had not arrived at the same conclusion, and both these were among the sage-bushes that morning.

10. One Eye was a dog of uncommon sagacity. He had taken a look at the camp just before sunrise, and had confirmed his suspicions that it was a bad place for him. He lay now with his sharp-pointed wolfish ears pricked forward, listening to the tokens of another presence beside his own.

11. Some one else was there, but not in condition to have made much of a race after One Eye. It was a well-grown boy of fifteen, whom One Eye recognized as his own particular master. He carried a light lance in one hand and a bow in the other, and was evidently out on a hunting expedition—the one being except One Eye in that band of Nez Percés with life and energy enough to try and do something.

12. He did not look as if he could do much. It was two whole days since he had eaten anything, and he had a faded, worn, hungry appearance, until you came to his black, brilliant eyes. He might have been good looking if he had been well-fed and well-dressed, for he was tall and strongly built. Just such Indian boys grow up into the chiefs and leaders who make themselves famous, but as yet this particular boy had not managed to earn for himself any name at all.

13. Every Indian has to do something notable or have something memorable occur to him, before his tribe gives him the honor of a distinguishing name. There

could be no doubt about that boy's pluck and ambition as he resolutely and stealthily searched the sage-bushes.

II.

1. The dog was ranging the bushes right and left, while the boy slowly followed the narrow line of an old hard-beaten buffalo track, with an arrow on the string, ready for anything that might turn up.

They were nearly out of the bushes when One Eye uttered a quick, low-voiced whine which his master seemed to understand. The boy dropped on his hands and knees and crept silently forward. He had been warned that something was the matter and his natural instinct was to hide until he should discover what it might be. Again the dog whimpered and the boy knew that he was hidden ahead and beyond him. He crawled out of the trail, and made his way under and through the bushes. He made no more noise or disturbance than a snake would have caused in doing the same thing, and in half a minute more he was peering out into the open country.

2. "Ugh! buffalo!"

His brilliant eyes served him well. Only an Indian or a dog would have rightly read the meaning of some very minute variations in the brown crest of a roll in the prairie, far away to the eastward.

Back shrunk the boy, and One Eye had enough of restored confidence to come and crouch beside him. In a few minutes the spots were noticeably larger, and it

was plain that the buffalo were approaching and not receding.

3. They did not pause for an instant, and there was no grass around them to give excuse for lingering. They were after grass and water, and knew perhaps a reason why there should be an ancient buffalo trail in that direction, trodden by generation after generation of their grass-eating race.

4. The boy was a born hunter and knew that he was lurking in the right place. On came the two bisons, and it was apparent no more were following them.

"Bull — cow!" muttered the boy. "Get both! Laugh at old men then! Have name!"

His black eyes flashed as he put his best arrow on the string and flattened himself on the dry, hot earth. Nearer and nearer drew the gigantic game, and with steady lumbering tread they followed the old trail. It was a breathless piece of business, but it was over at last. The bull was in front and he was a splendid old fellow, although somewhat thin in flesh.

5. Neither he nor his companion seemed to have dreamed of danger, and they walked straight into it. The moment for action had come, and the boy's body rose a little with swift, pliant, graceful motion. With all the strength starvation had left in him, he drew his arrow to the head. In another second it was buried to its very feathers in the broad breast of the buffalo, and the great animal stumbled forward upon his knees, pierced through the heart. The young hunter had known the precise spot to aim at, and he had made a *perfect shot*.

6. The cow halted for a moment as if in amazement, and then charged forward along the trail. That moment had given the boy time to put another arrow on the string, and as she passed him he drove it into her just behind the shoulder, well and vigorously. Once more he had given a deadly wound, and now he caught up his lance. There was little need of it, but he could not be sure of that, and so, as the bull staggered to his feet in his death-struggle, he received a terrific thrust in the side. It was a complete victory so far as the bull was concerned, and One Eye had darted away on the path of the wounded cow.

“Ugh! Get both!” exclaimed the boy; “have name now!”

7. One Eye followed the arrow-stricken cow, and he ran well. So did the cow, and she did not turn to the right or left from the old buffalo trail. There was but one road for either the trail, or the cow, or the dog, for the very formation of the land led them all into the mountains through the nook by the spring and so by and through the camp of the starving Nez Percés. On she went, until, right in the middle of the camp and among the lodges, she stumbled and fell, and One Eye had her by the throat.

8. It was time for somebody to wake up and do something, and a wiry-looking, undersized old warrior whose bow and arrows had been hanging near him, at once rushed forward and began to make a pin cushion of that cow. He twanged arrow after arrow into her, and was just turning away to get his lance when a robust

squaw, who had not been made very thin even by starvation, caught him by the arm, screaming, —

“Dead five times ! What for kill any more !”

There was no denying it, but the victorious hunter at once struck an attitude and exclaimed, —

“No starve now, Big Tongue.”

9. “Not Big Tongue, Boy !” exclaimed a gray-headed old warrior who was examining the several arrows and came to one over which he paused thoughtfully. He raised his head, put his hand to his mouth, and sent forth a wild whoop of delight. He drew out the arrow with one sharp tug and held it up to the gaze of all. For he was the father of the young hero who had faithfully stood up against hunger and despair, and had gone for game to the very last.

10. He was a proud old chief and father that day, and all that was left for Big Tongue was to recover his own arrows as fast as he could for future use, while the squaws cut up the cow. They did it with a haste and skill quite remarkable, considering how nearly dead they all were. The prospect of a good dinner seemed to put new life into them, and they plied their knives in half a dozen places at the same time.

One Eye sat down and howled for a moment and then started off upon the trail by which he had come.

“Boy !” shouted the old chief. “All come. See what.” Several braves and all the other boys, four squaws, and four half-grown girls at once followed him, as he pursued the retreating form of One Eye.

11. It was quite a procession, but some of them stag-

gered a little in their walk, and there was no running. Even the excitement of the moment could get no more than a rapid stride out of the old chief himself.

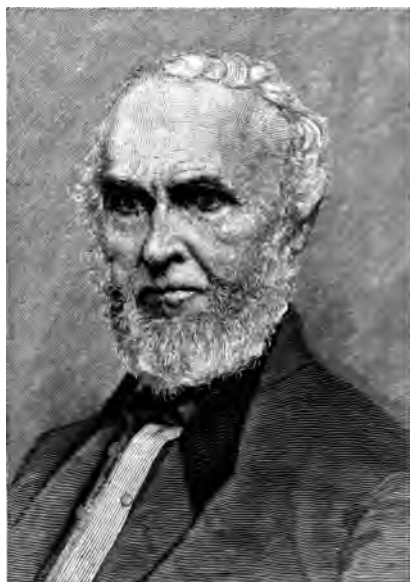
Along the path in front of him, erect and proud, but using the shaft of his lance as a walking-stick, came his triumphant boy hunter. Not one word did the youngster utter, but he silently turned in his tracks, beckoning his father to follow.

12. It was but a few minutes after that they stood together in front of the dead bull bison. The boy pointed to the arrow almost buried in the shaggy chest, and then he sat down; hunger and excitement had done their work upon him, and he could keep his feet no longer. He even permitted One Eye to lick his hands and face in a way no Indian dog is in the habit of doing.

13. Other warriors came crowding around the great trophy, and the old chief waited while they examined and made their remarks. They were needed as witnesses of the exact state of affairs, and they all testified that this arrow like the other had been wonderfully well driven. The old chief sat down before the bull and slowly pulled out the weapon. He looked at it, held it up, streaming with the blood of the animal it had brought down, and said,—

“Long Bear is a great chief. Great brave. Tell all people—the young chief—TWO ARROWS. Boy got a name. Whoop!”

The youngster was on his feet in a moment, and One Eye gave a sharp, fierce bark, as if he also was aware



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

that something great had happened, and that he had a share in it.

14. It was glory enough for one day, and the next duty on hand was to repair the damages of their long fasting. Two Arrows and his dog walked proudly at the side of Long Bear as he led the way back to camp. No longer a nameless boy he was still only in his apprenticeship; he was not yet a warrior, although almost to be counted a "brave." It would yet be a long time before he could be permitted to go upon any war-path; he might, however, be assured of a good pony when there should be hunting to be done.

There were fires burning before several lodges when the news came in, and it was not long before there was a grand feast. Starvation had been defeated and all that happiness had been earned by Two Arrows.

W. O. STODDARD.



XVIII.—COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

I.

The beaver cut his timber with patient teeth that day,
The minks were fish-wards, and the crows surveyors of
highway.

When Keezar sat on the hillside upon his cobbler's
form,

With a pan of coals on either hand to keep his waxed-
ends warm.



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And there, in the golden weather, he stitched and hammered and sung ;
In the brook he moistened his leather, in the pewter mug his tongue.
Well knew the tough old Teuton who brewed the stoutest ale,
And he paid the good wife's reckoning in the coin of song and tale.
The songs they still are singing who dress the hills of vine —
The tales that haunt the Brocken and whisper down the Rhine.

.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome, the swift stream wound away,
Through birches and scarlet maples flashing in foam and spray —
Down on the sharp-horned ledges plunging in steep cascade,
Tossing its white-maned waters against the hemlock's shade.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome, east and west and north and south ;
Only the village of fishers down at the river's mouth ;
Only here and there a clearing, with its farmhouse rude and new,
And tree-stumps, swart as Indians, where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers, no vintage song he
heard,
And on the green no dancing feet the merry violin
stirred.
“Why should folk be glum,” said Keezar, “when Nature
herself is glad,
And the painted woods are laughing at the faces so sour
and sad?”

Small heed had the careless cobbler what sorrow of
heart was theirs
Who travailed in pain with the births of God, and
planted a state with prayers —
Hunting of witches and warlocks, smiting the heathen
horde —
One hand on the mason's trowel, and one on the sol-
dier's sword!
But give him his ale and cider, give him his pipe and
song,
Little he cared for church or state, or the balance of
right and wrong.

“’Tis work, *work*, WORK,” he muttered — “and for rest
a snuffle of psalms!”
He smote on his leathern apron with his brown and
waxen palms.
“Oh for the purple harvests of the days when I was
young!
For the merry grape-stained maidens and the pleasant
songs they sung!

“Oh for the breath of vineyards, of apples and nuts
and wine!

For an oar to row, and a breeze to blow, down the
grand old river Rhine!”

A tear in his blue eye glistened, and dropped on his
beard so gray.

“Old, old am I,” said Keezar, “and the Rhine flows far
away!”

But a cunning man was the cobbler; he could call the
birds from the trees,

Charm the black snake out of the ledges, and bring
back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals, all the lore of the
woods, he knew,

And the arts of the Old World mingled with the mar-
vels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic — and the lapstone
on his knee

Had the gift of the Mormon’s Urim or the stone of
Doctor Dee.

For the mighty master Agrippa wrought it with spell
and rhyme

From a fragment of mystic moonstone in the tower of
Nettesheim.

To a cobbler Minnesinger the marvelous stone gave
he —

And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar, who brought it over
the sea.

II.

He held up that mystic lapstone, he held it up like
a lens,

And he counted the long years coming by twenties and
by tens.

"One hundred years," quoth Keezar; "and fifty have
I told:

Now open the new before me, and shut me out the
old!"

Like a cloud of mist the blackness rolled from the
magic stone,

And a marvelous picture mingled the unknown and the
known.

Still ran the stream to the river, and the river and
ocean joined;

And there were the bluffs and the blue sea-line, and
cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken by many a steepled
town,

By many a white-walled farmhouse, and many a garner
brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels, the stream no more ran
free;

White sails on the winding river, white sails on the
far-off sea.

Below in the noisy village the flags were floating gay,
And shone on a thousand faces the light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival plowmen turned the brown earth from
their shares ;

Here were the farmer's treasures, there were the crafts-
man's wares.

Golden the good wife's butter, ruby her currant-wine ;
Grand were the strutting turkeys, fat were the beeves
and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples, and the ripe pears
russet-brown,

And the peaches had stolen blushes from the girls who
shook them down.

And with blooms of hill and wild wood, that shame the
toil of art,

Mingled the gorgeous blossoms of the garden's tropic
heart.

"What is it I see?" said Keezar: "Am I here, or am I
there ?

Is it a fête at Bingen? Do I look on Frankfort fair?

But where are the clowns and puppets, and imps with
horns and tail ?

And where are the Rhenish flagons? and where is the
foaming ale?

"Strange things, I know, will happen — strange things
the Lord permits ;

But that doughty folk should be jolly puzzles my poor
old wits.

Here are smiling manly faces, and the maiden's step
is gay ;

Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drinking, nor mopes,
nor fools, are they.

Here's pleasure without regretting, and good without
abuse,

The holiday and the bridal of beauty and of use.

"Here's a priest, and there is a Quaker — do the cat
and the dog agree?

Have they burned the stocks for oven-wood? Have
they cut down the gallows-tree?

Would the old folk know their children? Would they
own the graceless town,

With never a ranter to worry, and never a witch to
drown?"

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar, laughed like a school-
boy gay ; —

Tossing his arms above him, the lapstone rolled away ;
It rolled down the rugged hillside, it spun like a wheel
bewitched ;

It plunged through the leaning willows, and into the
river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water, the magic stone lies still,
Under the leaning willows in the shadow of the hill :
And oft the idle fisher sits on the shadowy bank,
And his dreams make marvelous pictures where the
wizard's lapstone sank.

And still, in the summer twilights, when the river
seems to run

Out from the inner glory, warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers beside the charmed stream,
And the sky and the golden water shape and color her
dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens, the rosy signals fly ;
Her homestead beckons from the cloud, and love goes
sailing by !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



XIX. — THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

1. Blessed be he who really loves flowers ! — who loves them for their own sakes, — for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given, and always will give ; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there were no one else on earth to admire and praise them !

2. But such persons need no blessing of mine. They are blessed of God ! Did he not make the world for them ? Are they not clearly the owners of the world, and the richest of all mankind ?

3. He who cannot appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied, like any other man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. But men who contemptuously reject flowers as effeminate and unworthy of manhood reveal a positive coarseness.

4. Many persons lose all enjoyment of many flowers by indulging false associations. There are some who think that no weed can be of interest as a flower. But all flowers are weeds where they grow wildy and

abundantly ; and somewhere our rarest flowers are somebody's commonest.

5. Flowers, growing in noisome places, in desolate corners, upon rubbish, or rank desolation, become disagreeable by association. Roadside flowers, ineradicable and hardy beyond all discouragement, lose themselves, from our sense of delicacy and protection.

6. And, generally, there is a disposition to undervalue common flowers. There are few that will trouble themselves to examine, minutely, a blossom that they have often seen and neglected ; and yet if they would but question such flowers, and commune with them, they would often be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had long been overlooked.

7. If a plant is uncouth, it has no attractions to us, simply because it has been brought from the ends of the earth and is a "great rarity." If it has beauty, it is none the less, but more attractive to us because it is common.

8. A very common flower adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor, the rude, and to the multitudes that could have no flowers, were Nature to charge a price for her blossoms. Is a cloud less beautiful, or a sea, or a mountain, because often seen, or seen by millions ?

9. The buttercup is a flower of our childhood, and very brilliant in our eyes. Its strong color, seen afar off, often provoked its fate ; for through the mowing lot we went after it, regardless of orchard-grass, and herd-grass, plucking its long, slender stems, crowned

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with golden chalices, until the father, covetous of hay, shouted to us, "Out of that grass! Out of that grass, you rogue!"

10. It is a matter of gratitude, that this finest gift of Providence is the most profusely and liberally bestowed. Flowers cannot be monopolized. The poor can have them as well as the rich; and, as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men recognize a brief brotherhood in them.

11. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons, turned into a meadow full of flowers, would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood.

12. It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers often are to the necessities of the poor. If they bring their little floral gift to you, it cannot but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection longed to express itself as much as yours.

13. You have books, or gems, or services, that you can render as you will. The poor can give but little, and can do but little. Were it not for flowers, they would be shut out from those exquisite pleasures which spring from such gifts. I never take one from a child, or from the poor, without thanking God, in their behalf, for flowers.

14. Then, too, if you cannot give a stone to mark the burial-place of your child, a rose may stand there; and from it you may, every spring, pluck a bud for your bosom, as the child was broken off from you.

15. And though it brings tears for the past, yet you will not see the flowers fade and come again, and fade and come again, year by year, and not learn a lesson of the resurrection, when that which perished here shall revive again, never more to droop or to die!

BEECHER.



XX. — BEE LIFE.

1. The honey-bee goes forth in spring like the dove from Noah's Ark, and it is not till after many days that she brings back the olive leaf, which in this case is a pellet of golden pollen upon each hip, usually obtained from the alder or swamp willow.

But bees appear to be more eager for bread in the spring than for honey; their supply of that article, perhaps, does not keep as well as their stores of the latter; hence fresh bread in the shape of new pollen is diligently sought for.

2. My bees get their first supplies from the catkins of the willows. If but one catkin appears open anywhere within range a bee is on hand that very hour to rifle it, and it is a most pleasing experience to stand near the hive some mild April day and see them come pouring in with their little baskets packed with this fruitage of the spring. They will have new bread now; they have been to mill in good earnest; see their dusty coats and the golden grist they bring home with them.

3. When a bee brings pollen into the hive he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off

as one might his overalls or rubber boots, making one foot help the other; then he walks off without ever looking behind him: another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes along, rams it down with his head, and packs it into the cell as the dairy-maid packs butter into a firkin.

4. The first spring wild flowers, whose shy faces among the dry leaves are so welcome, yield no honey. The anemone, the hepatica, the bloodroot, the arbutus, the numerous violets, the spring beauty, the corydalis, etc., woo all lovers of nature, but do not woo the honey-loving bee. It requires more sun and warmth to develop the saccharine element, and the beauty of these pale striplings of the woods and groves is their sole excuse for being. The arbutus, lying low and keeping green all winter, attains to perfume, but not to honey.

5. The first honey is perhaps obtained from the flowers of the red maple and the golden willow. The latter sends forth a wild, delicious perfume. The sugar maple blooms a little later, and from its silken tassels a rich nectar is gathered. The apple-blossom is very important to the bees. A single swarm has been known to gather twenty pounds in weight during its continuance. Bees love the ripened fruit too, and in August and September will suck themselves tipsy.

6. It is the making of wax that costs with the bee. As with the poet, the form, the receptacle, gives him more trouble than the sweet that fills it. Though, to be sure, there is always more or less of empty comb in both cases. The honey he can have for the gathering,

but the wax he must make himself, must evolve from his inner consciousness. When wax is to be made the wax-makers fill themselves with honey and retire into their chamber for private meditation: they take hold of hands, or hook themselves together in long lines that hang from the top of the hive, and wait for the miracle to transpire.

7. After about twenty-four hours their patience is rewarded, the honey is turned into wax, minute scales of which are secreted from between the rings of the abdomen of each bee; this is taken off and from it the comb is built up. It is calculated that about twenty-five pounds of honey are used in elaborating one pound of comb, to say nothing of the time that is lost. But honey without the comb is like perfume without the rose, it is sweet merely, and soon degenerates into candy. Half the delectableness is in breaking down these frail and exquisite walls and tasting the nectar before it has lost its freshness by contact with the air.

8. The drones have the least enviable time of it. Their foothold in the hive is very precarious. They look like giants, the lords of the swarm, but they are really the tools. Their loud, threatening hum has no sting to back it, and their size and noise make them only the more conspicuous marks for the birds. They are all candidates for the favors of the queen, a fatal felicity which is vouchsafed to but one.

9. It is a singular fact also that the queen is made, not born. All the bees in the hive have a common parentage. The queen and the worker are the same in

the egg and in the chick ; the notion has very generally prevailed that the queen of the bees is an absolute ruler, and issues her orders to willing subjects. But the fact is, a swarm of bees is an absolute democracy. The power and authority are entirely vested in the great mass, or workers. Their word is law, and both king and queen must obey.

10. The peculiar office and sacredness of the queen consists in the fact that she is the mother of the swarm, and the bees love and cherish her as a mother and not as a sovereign. The common bees will never use their sting upon the queen ; if she is to be disposed of they starve her ; and the queen herself will sting nothing but royalty — nothing but a royal queen. It is undoubtedly complimenting her to call her a queen, yet she is a superb creature, and looks every inch a queen. It is an event to distinguish her amid the mass of bees when the swarm lights ; it awakens a thrill.

11. Before you have seen a queen you wonder if this or that bee, which seems a little larger than its fellows, is not she, but when you once really set eyes upon her you do not doubt for a moment. That long, elegant, shining feminine-looking creature can be none less than royalty. How beautifully her body tapers, how distinguished she looks, how deliberate her movements !

12. I always feel I have missed some good fortune if I am away from home when my bees swarm. What a delightful summer sound it is ; how they come pouring out of the hive, twenty or thirty thousand bees, each striving to get out first ; it is as when the dam gives

way and lets the waters loose; it is a flood of bees which breaks upward into the air and becomes a maze of whirling black lines to the eye and a soft chorus of myriad musical sounds to the ear.

13. This way and that they drift, now contracting, now expanding, rising, sinking, growing thick about some branch or bush, then dispersing and massing at some other point, till finally they begin to alight in earnest, when in a few moments the whole swarm is collected upon a branch, forming a bunch as large, perhaps, as a two gallon measure. Here they will hang from one to three or four hours, or until a suitable hiving place is found or offered.

JOHN BURROUGHS.



XXI. — MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troops array,
 To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide.

The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:

“Though something I might plain,” he said,
“Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king’s behest,
While in Tantallon’s towers I stayed;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand.”

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :
“My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation-stone :
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire ;
And “This to me !” he said :
“An ’t were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared
To cleave the Douglas’ head !

“And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate ;

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride —
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hand upon your sword),

I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go? —
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!

"Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!" —
Lord Marmion turned — well was his need —
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembles on the rise;

Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim ;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, "and chase !"
But soon he reined his fury's pace.
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name —
A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed !
Did ever knight so foul a deed ?
At first, in heart, it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

WALTER SCOTT.



XXII. — SWEDISH BATTLE SONG.

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power ;
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer,—your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs.

Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail,—
A jest and by-word are they grown;
“*God is with us*,” we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again.
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

ALTENBURG.



XXIII.—DOUBTING CASTLE.

1. Now I beheld in my dream that Christian and Hopeful had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for the time parted, at which they were not a little

sorry ; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travel ; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. Wherefore, still as they went on they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it ; and that meadow is called By-path meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, "If this meadow lieth along by our way-side, let us go over into it." Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. "'Tis according to my wishes," said Christian ; "here is the easiest going ; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over."

2. "But how if this path should lead us out of the way?"

"*That* is not likely," said the other. "Look, doth it not go along by the way-side?"

So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet ; and withal they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence : so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, "To the Celestial Gate."

3. "Look," said Christian, "did not I tell you so ?—by this you may see we are right." So they followed, and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark ; so that they that were behind lost sight of them that went before.

He therefore that went before — Vain-Confidence by name — not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall ; so they called to know the matter ; but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning.

4. Then said Hopeful, “Where are we now?” Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way ; and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. Yet they adventured to go back ; but it was so dark, and the flood so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore, at last lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until daybreak ; but being weary they fell asleep.

5. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair ; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice, he bade them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way.

6. Then said the giant, “You have this night tres-

passed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance.

7. Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her.

8. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crabtree cudgel, and goes into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them, as if they were dogs, although they never gave him an unpleasant word. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

9. The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: "for why," said he, "should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" But they desired him to let them go.

10. With that he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits, and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no. But they soon resolved to reject it; for it would be very wicked to kill themselves; and, besides, something might soon happen to enable them to make their escape.

11. Well, towards evening the giant goes down to the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive. And, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he

fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

12. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon ; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it, but Hopeful reminded him of the hardships and terrors he had already gone through, and said that they ought to bear up with patience as well as they could, and steadily reject the giant's wicked counsel.

13. Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To this he replied, "They are sturdy rogues ; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves." Then said she, "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

14. So when the morning has come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done ; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces ; and so within ten days I will do you. Get you down to

your den again." And with that he beat them all the way thither.

15. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners. The old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor by his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied; "I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

16. Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into a passionate speech:—"What a fool am I, thus to lie in a nasty dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

17. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After

that, he went to the iron gate, for that must be of too, but that lock went desperately hard; yet they did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant De who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so they could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway again, and were safe.

JOHN BUN

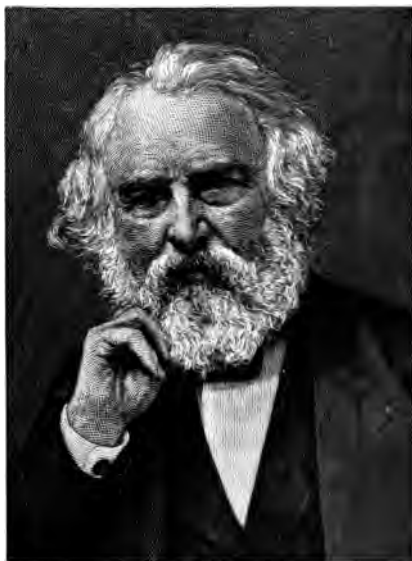


XXIV.--THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH C

Othere, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the color of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the king he spoke.



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
 Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
 Into the Arctic seas.

“So far I live to the northward,
 No man lives north of me ;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains ;
 To the westward all is sea.

“So far I live to the northward,
 From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
 More than a month would you sail.

“I own six hundred reindeer,
 With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
 And ropes of walrus-hide.

“I ploughed the land with horses,
 But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
 With their sagas of the seas ; —

“Of Iceland and of Greenland,
 And the stormy Hebrides,

And the undiscovered deep ;—
I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

“To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

“To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore.
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

“The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

“And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

“The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,

And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

“Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night :
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light.”

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while ;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

“And now the land,” said Othere,
“Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore,
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

“And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhal, and the seal ;

Ha! 'twas a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us altogether,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred, the Truth-Teller,
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

XXV. — AN AUTUMN SPECTACLE.

1. On a night, not appointed beforehand, we went to sleep in Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Ranges of mountains, solid, blue, and stately, hedged us round, yet left open for our untiring gaze so wide a circle that at its outer rim, even in clearest days, lingered a purple haze.

Near us were fields of brown ferns, scarlet cornels, and gray boulders frosted with myriad lichens; and woods, rich in all sorts of growths, soft underfoot with unnumbered mosses, and low flowering things. All this seemed enough, and we went to sleep content, but not expectant of more than we had had.

2. With the leisurely feeling that wraps solitary people, in the warm, autumn mountain weather, we set ourselves to begin the day, and by chance looked out of our window.

Like children, at sight of a merry juggler's show, we shouted with delight, then drew long, silent breaths, with a bewilderment too like awe to find easy shape in words.

O whence! O who! and how had their feet passed by so noiselessly? Who had touched with this enchantment every leaf of every tree which stood within our sight?

3. Every maple tree blazed at top with tint of scarlet, or cherry, or orange, or pale yellow. Every ash tree had turned from green to dark purple, or to pale straw-color. Every birch shimmered and quivered in the sun, as if gold pieces had been strung along its branches;

basswoods were flecked with white, beeches were brown and yellow, poplars were marked and spotted with vermillion, sumachs had become ladders, and bars, and fringes of fire; not a single tree was left of solid dark green, except the pines, the larches, and the firs, and they also seemed to have shared in the transformation, looking darker and greener than ever, as a setting for those masses of flashing color. Single trees in fields, near and far, looked like great hewn jewels: with light behind them, their tints flickered and waved as in transparent stones held up to the sun. When the wind shook them it was like nothing but the tremulousness of distant seas at sunset.

4. All this in one night! To north, to south, to east, to west, it was the same. Miles away, at the very foot of the farthest green mountains, shone the glory; within our hand's reach, at the neighbors' gates, stood the stately splendor.

With reverent eyes we went close into territory after territory; coming nearer we found that the scarlet or the claret, the crimson or the orange, which we had seen from the distance, was no longer scarlet, claret, crimson or orange, but all these and more than all of these, shading up and down and into each other by gradations indistinguishable and fine beyond all counting; alternating and interrupting each other with an infinity of change, almost like caprice or frolic.

5. I have seen our western prairies in their June flowering; I have seen also the Mosaic fields of blossoms in the Ampezzo Pass, at which one cannot so

much as look without shaded eyes, and from which Titian learned color. I have seen old altar fronts, on which generations of kings have lavished jewels; but I have never seen such flaming, shading, changing, lavishing, rioting of color as in this death of the autumn leaves on the Bethlehem hills.

6. Every day we said, "This will be the last"; and indeed it was the last, bearing away with it its own tint of glory never to return. But the next was as beautiful, sometimes we thought more beautiful, except that the brilliance of the long royal line before it had dulled our sense.

Bright days dazzled us and made us leap in their sun; gray days surprised us, revealing new tints and more gorgeous colors.

7. And there was a lesson in the sudden discovering, hour by hour, of tiny hidden leaves of unnoted things, underfoot in fields, tucked away in hedges, lying low even in edges of dusty roads, but bright and burnished as those loftiest in air. Strawberry leaves dappled with claret spots, or winey red with rims of yellow; raspberry and blackberry shoots as brilliant as maples; the odd little shovel-shaped sorrel leaves, a deep clear cherry just pricked with orange; patient old "hardhack," sticking to its heavy plumes of seed, through thick and thin, of wind, its pretty oval leaves all tinted with delicate browns and yellows and pinks; "fireweed" with no two of its sharp, slender, spike-shaped leaves of a tint, some mottled, some scarlet, some yellow, some green; — all these we found, and more

whose colors I cannot define, and whose names I do not know.

8. And so the days went on to seven, to ten, to fourteen. There were few to see it; but even the busy and usually unobservant farming people took note of it.

There is no doubt that many years will come and go before Bethlehem hills will see such sights again. All her people agree in saying they never saw such before, and I myself in fifteen autumns of mountain rambling have never seen anything like it.

9. As I write the air is full of whirling leaves, brown, yellow, and red. The show is over. The winds, like noisy carpenters, are taking down the scenery. Soon the naked wood of the trees will be all that we shall see of last week's pomp and spectacle. But the next thing in beauty to a tree in full leaf is a tree bare; its very exquisiteness of shape revealed, its hold on the sky seeming so unspeakably assured; the solemn grace of prophecy and promise which every slender twig bears in its tiny gray buds revealed.

10. Last night, as if in final symphony to the play, and grand prelude of winter, the color spirits took possession of the sky, and for three hours shook its very folds with the noiseless cadence of their motions. There they all were, the green, the pink, the fiery red, which we had dared to touch and pick in leaves, now floating and dancing in disembodied ecstasy over our heads, wrapped and twined in very light of very light as in celestial garments.

11. From the zenith to the eastern, western, and northern horizon, no spot was dark. If there had been snow on the ground it would have been lit to redness as by fire. The village looked on in solemn silence; bare-headed men and women stood almost in awe at every threshold and gate. This also was such sight as had not been seen from their doors. The oldest man here does not remember such an aurora. It is hard to believe that Lapland itself ever saw one more weird, more beautiful.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



XXVI.—HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

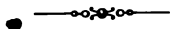
How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears, for the Blue,
Tears and love, for the Gray.

ANON.



XXVIII.—FUN.

1. The word “fun,” as it is used by young people, means any kind of “a good time.” Whatever is surprising is called funny sometimes even if it is something sad. Properly speaking, only that is funny which is laughable. I wish to speak now of what may be found comical by one and another, and of what may be done for the sake of raising a laugh.

2. We may often find in kindly and innocent mirth both pleasure and refreshment. President Lincoln was very fond of a funny story. He felt the strain and burden of the war so strongly that, if it had not been for this relief, he would have broken down long before the war was over. For one who is serious all the time the strain of life is often too hard.

3. It is a great thing to be able to see the ludicrous side of one's own mishaps or failures. What one person will grieve over another will carry off with a laugh. One is mortified beyond measure, another finds only amusement. A person who can never see the funny side of his mishaps goes through life as if he were in a

carriage without springs. Every little inequality makes a bump.

4. But while fun is in itself a good thing, it may, like almost anything else that is good, be made a very bad thing.

While it is not well to take all things seriously, it is worse to take nothing seriously; the great business of life is serious, and one who finds only fun in everything keeps himself outside the reality of life. He is like a bit of thistledown which floats about in the wind, while it has no real connection with anything.

5. In the second place, fun may become a bad thing because it is not of the right kind. A person may be judged pretty fairly by what he finds funny. There is hardly anything so painful or unfortunate that some one will not be found to laugh at it. The savages were sometimes in the habit of tormenting their captives. The tortures that these underwent were to them an occasion of mirth. Boys sometimes torment insects or animals because their struggles seem funny.

In all such cases a feeling of sympathy would change the mirth into pity, or a friendly and helpful interest.

6. The same kindly feeling would forbid jests that would give pain to others. The idea of wit which some people have is to say sharp things. A person of good feeling would never find sport in what would give another pain.

A youth while walking with his tutor saw a pair of shoes that a poor laborer had left under a hedge while he was busied with his work. "What fun it would be,"

exclaimed the young man, "to hide these shoes, and then conceal ourselves behind the hedge, and see the man's surprise and excitement when he cannot find them."

"I will tell you what would be better sport," said the tutor, "put a piece of money into one of the shoes, and then hide and watch his surprise when he finds it." This the young man did, and the joy and wonder of the poor laborer when he found the money in his shoe was as good fun as he wanted.

7. We should, on the other hand, not be too sensitive at jokes that are played on us. We all laugh at one another sometimes, in a friendly way, and one who is never willing to be the object of such kindly mirth may interrupt the pleasures of his companions.

"One must take as well as give," is a good motto for the rough and tumble sport and business of the world.

8. The play of wit and humor is very much like other play. It is one of the pleasant and helpful things in life. Like other play it must be kindly, good-tempered and pure. Like other play it must not make up the whole of life. Rightly used it may be one of the best helps in bearing and doing the work of the world.

C. C. EVERETT.



XXIX. — TRUE WISDOM.

Surely there is a mine for silver,
And a place for gold which they refine,
Iron is taken out of the earth,
And brass is molten out of the stone.

As for the earth out of it cometh bread ;
And underneath it is turned up as it were by fire.
The stones thereof are the place of sapphires
And it hath dust of gold.

Where shall wisdom be found ?
And where is the place of understanding ?
Man knoweth not the price thereof ;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The depth saith, " It is not in me " :
And the sea saith, " It is not with me ."

It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
Gold and glass cannot equal it :
Neither shall the exchange thereof be jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls :
For the price of wisdom is above rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.
Whence then cometh wisdom ?
And where is the place of understanding ?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and Death say,
" We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears ."
God understandeth the way thereof,

And He knoweth the place thereof.
For He looketh to the ends of the earth,
And seeth under the whole heaven ;
To make a weight for the wind ;
Yea, he meteth out the waters by measure.

When He made a decree for the rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder,
Then did he see it, and declare it ;
He established it, yea, and searched it out.
And unto man He said,
“ Behold, the fear of the Lord — that is wisdom ;
And to depart from evil is understanding.”

The Bible (Job xxviii. 12-28).



XXX. — BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

1. Up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribands, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence ; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribands ; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had

smelt the goose, and known it for their own ; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onions, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid, to be let out and peeled.

2. "What has ever kept your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? and Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day, by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

3. "Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her, with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and warm yourself, Lord bless you!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

4. So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him ; and his thread-

bare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden fall in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

5. Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

6. "And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

7. Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob compounded some hot mixture in a jug, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

8. Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of birds, — a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner, at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves; and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

9. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

10. There never was such a goose. Bob said he

"My dear," said Bob, "the children ; Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day I am sure," said she, "on which one proposes the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert. Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"For your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his, I'll say 'Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!' He'll be very merry, and very happy, I have no doubt!"

CHARLES DICKENS.



XXXI.—THE KEEPING OF THE BRIDGE.

Out spake the consul roundly,
 "The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town."
Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate,
"To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his gods?"

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed you may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand
And keep the bridge with me ? ”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —
A Rhamnian proud was he —
“Lo, I will stand on thy right hand
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius —
Of Tatian blood was he —
“I will abide on thy left side
And keep the bridge with thee.”
“Horatius,” quoth the consul,
“As thou say’st so let it be,”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans, in Rome’s quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon their foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose.
But soon Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless three!
Meanwhile the axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide:
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the further shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.
But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind :
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face ;
“Now yield thee !” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome :
“O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray !

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day !"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

" Out on him ! " quoth false Sextus ;
" Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town ! "
" Heaven help him ! " quoth Lars Porsena,
" And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before . "

And now the ground he touches,
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers,
To press his gory hands ;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous croud.

MACAULAY.



XXXII.—THE CAPTIVE MAID.

1. Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given victory unto Syria: he was also a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper.

2. And the Syrians had gone out in bands, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! then would he recover him of his leprosy.

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.

3. And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment.

And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, And now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have sent Naaman, my servant, to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.

4. And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? but consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

5. And it was so, when Elisha the man of God heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariots, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha.

6. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and wave his hand over the place, and recover the leper.

Are not Abanah and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage.

7. And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?

Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God:

and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, Behold now, I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel.

Book of Kings (Old Test.).



XXXIII. — HOW TO STUDY NATURAL HISTORY.

1. It was more than fifteen years ago that I entered the laboratory of Professor Agassiz, and told him I had enrolled my name as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in coming, the mode in which I afterward proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and, finally, whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that, while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoölogy, I proposed to devote myself especially to insects.

2. "When do you wish to begin?" he asked.

"Now," I replied.

This seemed to please him, and with an energetic "Very well," he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol.

"Take this fish," said he, "and look at it; by and by I will ask you what you have seen."

3. With that he left me, but in a moment returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object in-

trusted to me. "No man is fit to be a naturalist," said he, "who does not know how to take care of specimens."

I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally to moisten the surface with alcohol from the jar, always taking care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of ground-glass stoppers and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge, neckless glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects and begrimed with cellar dust.

4. Entomology was a cleaner science than ichthyology, but the example of the professor, who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish, was infectious; and, though this alcohol had "a very ancient and fish-like smell," I really dared not show any aversion but treated it as though it were the purest water.

5. In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the professor, who had, however, left the museum, and when I returned, after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper apartment, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish, as if to resuscitate the beast from a fainting-fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of the normal, sloppy appearance.

6. This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but return to a steadfast gaze at my mute companion. Half an hour passed, — an hour, — another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and

around; looked it in the face; studied it from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at three-quarters view. Seen from whatever point, it presented a ghastly sight. I was in despair.

7. At an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

On my return, I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the museum, but had gone, and would not return for several hours. My fellow-students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversation.

8. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying-glass; instruments of all kinds were forbidden. My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish,—it seemed a most limited field. I pushed my finger down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales, until I was convinced that that was nonsense.

9. At last a happy thought struck me,—I would draw the fish; and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the professor returned.

“That is right,” said he; “a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet and your bottle corked.”

10. With these encouraging words, he added, “Well, what is it like?”

He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to

me — the fleshy lips and lidless eyes, the spinous fins and forked tail, the compressed and arched body. When I had finished, he waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment, remarked, —

“You have not looked very carefully. Why,” he continued, more earnestly, “you haven’t even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself. Look again!” and he left me to my misery.

11. I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish! But now I set myself to my task with a will, and discovered one new thing after another, until I saw how just the professor’s criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly, and when, toward its close, the professor inquired, —

“Do you see it yet?”

“No,” I replied; “I am certain I do not, but I see how little I saw before.”

“That is next best,” said he, earnestly, “but I won’t hear you now; put away your fish and go home: perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish.”

12. This was disconcerting; not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be, but also, without reviewing my new discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad memory; so I walked home by the Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

13. The cordial greeting from the professor the next morning was reassuring. Here was a man who seemed to be quite as anxious as I that I should see for myself what he saw.

"Do you perhaps mean," I asked, "that the fish has symmetrical sides and paired organs?"

His thoroughly pleased "Of course! of course!" repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night.

After he had discoursed most happily and enthusiastically, as he always did, upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next.

"O, look at your fish!" he said, and left me again to my own devices. In a little more than an hour he returned and heard my new catalogue.

14. "That is good! that is good!" he repeated, "but that is not all; go on." And so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else, or to use any artificial aid. "Look, look, look!" was his repeated injunction.

This was the best entomological lesson I ever had, — a lesson whose influence has extended to the details of every subsequent study, — a legacy the professor has left to me, as he left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy, and with which we cannot part.

ANON.

XXXIV.—THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

1. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

2. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*—a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

3. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war—the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

4. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root,

having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

5. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer, or die!" In the meanwhile, there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle — probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs — whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it.

6. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar — for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds. He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

7. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if

they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

8. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns, as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

9. I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

10. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently

as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *Hôtel des Invalides*, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

HENRY D. THOREAU.



XXXV.—THE FIRST NIGHT AT SEA.

1. "With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew; and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next morning was Saturday; and, a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay.

2. I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city and well-known objects, as no time is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew

down into the lower harbor we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night.

3. About midnight the wind became fair, and having called the captain I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know; but I am quite sure that I did not give the true, hoarse, boat-swain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-a-nds! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee-land.

4. I could take but little part in these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so immediately executed, there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life.

5. At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds, which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass, began; and in a few minutes we were under way. The noise of the water thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night-breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground-swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding "good-night" to my native land.

6. The first day we passed at sea was the Sabbath. As we were just from port, and there was a great deal

to be done on board, we were kept at work all day ; and at night the watches were set, and everything put into sea order. I had now a fine time for reflection. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter-deck, where I had no right to go ; one or two men were talking on the fore-castle, whom I had little inclination to join ; so that I was left open to the full impression of everything about me.

7. However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did then and afterwards take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was leaving.

8. But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead ; and I could plainly see, by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes eight bells was struck, the watch called, and we went below.

9. I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage in which I lived was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover,

there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon.

10. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. I shortly heard the rain-drops falling on deck, thick and fast; and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the indications of a coming storm.

11. When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience were before me. The little brig was close hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam-ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge-hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The topsail halyards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and to me unintelligible, orders constantly given, and rapidly executed; and the sailors "singing out" at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains.

12. In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea-legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything; and it was pitch dark. This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef topsails.

13. How I got along I cannot now remember. I "laid out" on the yards, and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the topsail yard. Soon, however, all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below.

14. This I did not consider much of a favor, for the confusion of everything below, and that inexpressible sickening smell caused by the shaking up of the bilgewater in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold, wet decks. I had often read of the nautical experiences of others, but I felt as though there could be none worse than mine; for, in addition to every other evil, I could not but remember that this was only the first night of a two years' voyage.

R. H. DANA.



XXXVI. — LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River, where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented — the gallant came late;

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter — my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up ;
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup ;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar —
"Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume ;
And the bridemaids whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood
near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
“She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur!
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow!” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

WALTER SCOTT.



XXXVII.—THE SLEEPY HOLLOW SCHOOLMASTER.

1. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels; and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large

green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew.

2. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

3. His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters, so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect from the mystery of an eel-pot.

4. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the

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WASHINGTON IRVING.

rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

5. When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and, on holiday afternoons, would convoy home some of the smaller ones who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard.

6. To help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

7. That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the cost of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire.

8. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee,

and rock a cradle with his foot, for whole hours together.

9. In addition to his other vocations he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson.

10. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

11. From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through.

12. He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his resi-

dence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse and there con over old direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes.

WASHINGTON IRVING.



XXXVIII. — A FEATHERED BANDIT.

1. Usually, the character of a bird of prey is well defined; there is no mistaking him. His claws, his beak, his head, his wings, in fact his whole build, point to the fact that he subsists upon live creatures; he is aimed to catch them and slay them. Every bird knows a hawk and knows him from the start, and is on the lookout for him.

2. The hawk takes life, but he does it to maintain his own; and it is a public and universally known fact. Nature has sent him abroad in that character, and has advised all creatures of it. Not so with the shrike or butcher bird; here she has concealed the character of a murderer under a form as innocent as that of the robin. Feet, wings, tail, color, head, and general form and size are all those of a song-bird, — very much like that master songster the mocking-bird, — yet this bird is a regular Bluebeard among its kind. Its only characteristic

feature is its beak, the upper mandible having two sharp processes and a sharp hooked point. It cannot fly away to any distance with the bird it kills, nor hold it in its claws to feed upon it. It usually impales its victim upon a thorn or thrusts it in the fork of a limb. For the most part, however, its food seems to consist of insects—spiders, grasshoppers, beetles, etc. It is the assassin of these small birds, whom it often destroys in pure wantonness, or merely to sup on their brains.

3. It is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Apparently its victims are unacquainted with its true character and allow it to approach them, when the fatal blow is given. I saw an illustration of this the other day. A large number of goldfinches in their full plumage, together with snow-birds and sparrows, were feeding and chattering in some low bushes back of the barn.

4. Presently I heard a rustling among the dry leaves as if some larger bird was also among them. Then I heard one of the goldfinches cry out as if in distress, when the whole flock of them started up in alarm, and, circling around, settled in the tops of the larger trees.

5. I continued my scrutiny of the bushes and saw a large bird with some object in its beak, hopping along on a low branch near the ground. It disappeared from my sight for a few moments, then came up through the undergrowth into the top of a young maple; and I beheld the shrike. The little birds avoided him and flew about the trees, their pursuer following. I made my

way about to see what the shrike had done with his prey.

6. As I approached the bushes I saw him hastening back. Seeing my movements he had returned for his game; but I was too quick for him. On some twigs in the thickest part of the bushes I found his victim, — a goldfinch. It was not impaled upon a thorn, but carefully disposed upon some horizontal twigs, — laid upon a shelf so to speak.

7. On examining it I found a large bruise or break in the skin, on the back of the neck at the base of the skull. Here the bandit had, no doubt, griped the bird with his strong beak. The shrike's bloodthirstiness was seen in the fact that it did not stop to devour its prey but went in quest of more, as if opening a market of goldfinches.

The shrike is called a butcher from the habit of sticking his meat upon hooks and points.

JOHN BURROUGHS.



XXXIX.—EXILE OF THE ACADIANS.

I.

Pleasantly rose one morn the sun on the village of
Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of
Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were
riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous
labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of
the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and the
neighboring hamlets,
Come in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the
young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous
meadows
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in
the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on
the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were
silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups
at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossipped
together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and
feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers
together,
All things were held in common, and what one had
was another's.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows
a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without,
in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and
hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from
the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling
and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the
soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps
of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-
mission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s
orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have
answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and
my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be
grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our
monarch ;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle
of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves
from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may
dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceful people !
Prisoners now I declare you , for such is his Majesty's
pleasure ! ”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of sum-
mer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the
hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters
his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch
from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their in-
closures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of
the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and
then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted, —

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured
and mournful
Spake, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock
strikes.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what madness
has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers
and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and for-
giveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you
profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred?”

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts
of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that pas-
sionate outbreak ;

And they repeated his prayer, and said, “O Father, for-
give them!”

II.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the
fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the
farmhouse.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in
gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes
and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary
and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants de-
scended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives
and their daughters.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful
procession.
There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of
embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the con-
fusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too
late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
entreaties.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down,
and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reflu-
ent ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long. at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the
blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the
horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain
and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows
together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the
village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay
in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame
were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the
quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning
thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a
hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-
mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore
and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their
anguish,
“We shall no more behold our homes in the village of
Grand-Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-
yards,
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of
cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs
interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleep-
ing encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the
Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the
river.
Such was the sound that arose that night, as the herds
and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed
o'er the meadows.

And as the voice of the priest repeated a service of
sorrow,
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast
congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with
the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of
the ocean,
With the first dawn of day, came heaving and hurrying
landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of
the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the
village in ruins.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



XL. — COAL.

1. "You say that coal is transformed vegetable matter, but can you show us how the transformation takes place? Is it possible according to known natural laws?" The chemist must answer that. And he tells us that wood can become lignite, or wood coal, by parting with its oxygen in the shape of carbonic acid gas or choke-damp, and then common or bituminous coal by parting with its hydrogen chiefly in the form of carbureted hydrogen—the gas with which we light our streets. That is about as much as the unscientific reader need know. But it is a fresh corroboration of the theory that coal has been once vegetable fibre, for it shows how vegetable fibre can, by the laws of nature, become coal. And it certainly helps us to believe that a thing has been done if we are shown that it can be done.

2. This fact explains also why, in mines of wood-coal, carbonic acid — *i.e.* choke-damp — alone is given off. For in the wood-coal a great deal of the hydrogen still remains. But in mines of true coal, not only is choke-

damp given off, but that more terrible pest of the miners, fire-damp or explosive carbureted hydrogen and olefiant gases. Now the occurrence of that fire-damp in mines proves that changes are still going on in the coal; that it is getting rid of its hydrogen and so progressing toward the state of anthracite or culm — stone-coal, as it is sometimes called. In the Pennsylvanian coal-fields, some of the coal has actually done this, under the disturbing force of earthquakes, for the coal, which is bituminous, becomes gradually anthracite.

3. And is a further transformation possible? Yes, and more than one. If we conceive the anthracite cleared of all but its last atoms of oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, till it has become all but pure carbon, it would become, as it has become in certain rocks of immense antiquity, graphite, what we miscall black lead. And after that it might go through one transformation more, and that the most startling of all. It would need only perfect purification and crystallization to become — a diamond; nothing less. We may consider the coal upon the fire as the middle term of a series, of which the first is live wood and the last diamond, and indulge safely in the fancy that every diamond in the world has probably, at some remote epoch, formed part of a growing plant. A strange transformation, which will look to us more strange, more truly poetical, the more steadily we consider it.

4. The coal on the fire, the table at which I write, what are they made of? Gas and sunbeams with a small percentage of ash or earthly salts, which need

hardly be taken in account. Gas and sunbeams. Strange, but true! The life of the growing plant—and what that life is, who can tell?—laid hold of the gases in the air and in the soil, of the carbonic acid, the atmospheric air, the water, for that too is gas. It drank them in through its rootlets; it breathed them in through its leaf-pores, that it might distill them into sap and bud and leaf and wood. But it had to take in and retain another element without which the distillation and the shaping could never have taken place. It had to drink in the sunbeams, that mysterious and complex force which is forever pouring from the sun and making itself partly palpable to our senses as heat and light. So the life of the plant seized the sunbeams and absorbed them—buried them in itself—no longer as light and heat, but as invisible chemical force, locked up for ages in that woody fibre.

5. So it is. Lord Lytton told us long ago, in a beautiful song, how “The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose.” But nature’s poetry was more beautiful than man’s. The wind and the beam loved the rose so well that they made the rose, or rather the rose took the wind and the beam, and built up out of them, by her own inner life, her exquisite texture, hue, and fragrance. What next? The rose dies, the timber tree dies, decays down into vegetable fibre, is buried and turned to coal, but the plant cannot altogether undo its own work. Even in death and decay it cannot set free the sunbeams imprisoned in its tissue. The sun-force must stay shut up, age after age, invisible, but strong, working at

its own prison-cells, transmuting them, or making them capable of being transmuted by man, into the manifold products of coal — coke, petroleum, mineral pitch, gases, coal-tar, benzole, delicate aniline dyes and what-not — till its day of deliverance comes.

6. Man digs it, throws it on the fire, a black dead-seeming lump. A corner, an atom of it, warms till it reaches the igniting point — the temperature at which it is able to combine with oxygen. And then, like a dormant live thing, awaking after ages to the sense of its own powers, its own needs, the whole lump is seized, atom after atom, with an infectious hunger for that oxygen which it lost, centuries since, in the bosom of the earth. It drinks the oxygen in at every pore, and burns. And so the spell of ages is broken. The sun-force bursts its prison-cells and blazes into the free atmosphere as light and heat once more, returning in a moment into the same forms in which it entered the growing leaf a thousand centuries since. Strange it is, yet true. But of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands — that truth is stranger than fiction.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



XLI.—THE RUNAWAY CANNON.

I.

1. A terrible thing had happened. One of the short cannons of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

2. A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate, resumes its course, rushes like an arrow from end to end of the ship, circles about, rears, breaks, kills.

3. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of an ass, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball.

4. What is to be done? How to end this?

A tempest ceases, a wind falls, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, which seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction each instant.

5. The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies.

The fault was the chief gunner's. He had neglected to fasten the gun securely in place. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached,

recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about.

6. At the moment when the lashings gave way, the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform when expecting the command to clear for action. The cannon, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men and crushed four at the first blow; then flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it.

7. Then arose the cry of distress. The men rushed to the ladder; the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. The whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now.

8. The captain and lieutenant, although both brave men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant,—the man of whom they had been speaking the moment before. When he reached the foot of the ladder he stood still.

9. The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the prophet's vision. The marine lanterns swinging from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows. The

shape of the cannon could not be distinguished, so rapid was its course. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

10. The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun,—mattresses, hammocks, spare-sails, and the bales of false assignats of which the ship carried a full cargo.

But what could these rags avail? No one dare descend to arrange them in any needful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

11. There was just enough sea to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the gun upside down, and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been captured. But the destruction increased. The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured, under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the ship began to take in water.

II.

1. The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the cannon menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more, and shipwreck

must come. They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster; a decision must be made; but how?

2. They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

"Do you believe in God, chevalier?" said the captain to the lieutenant.

"Yes. No. Sometimes," was the reply.

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said the captain.

3. All were silent. Only the cannon kept up its horrible din.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this inaccessible circus there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the accident, the gunner whose negligence caused it — the captain of the gun.

4. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began — the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence.

Livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited. He waited for the cannon to pass near him. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he.

5. Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. All stared in terrified silence.

No one breathed freely, except, perchance, the old man, who stood, a stern second, in his place at the foot of the ladder. He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir. Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

6. At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner came near to challenge the cannon, some chance movement of the waves kept it for a moment still, as if stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it darted upon him. He avoided the shock. The struggle began—struggle unheard of; the thing of flesh attacking the brazen mute; on the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

7. A soul; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. The monster seemed to be watching the man.

There was—one might have fancied so, at least—cunning in the mass. It became a gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes it struck the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then, falling back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, it darted anew on the man.

8. He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements.

He avoided the blows; but they fell upon the vessel with continued destruction.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the gun. This chain had twisted itself — one could not tell how — about the screw of the breech button. One end of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun.

9. Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes even it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it saw the snare. The man pursued. Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of a crisis.

10. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside and cried out, with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a cannon to larboard, then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three cannon gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind, and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned back on the man, rolling from the stern to the bow, bruising the stern and making a breach in the planking of the prow.

11. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching. The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble

to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke.

The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a cry.

12. But the old passenger, until now motionless, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the cannon.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche.

The cannon stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels.

13. The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping-noose about the bronze neck of an overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The pygmy had taken the thunder-bolt prisoner. The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

VICTOR HUGO.

XLII. — FIDELITY.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,

A cry as of a dog or fox ; —

He halts, and searches with his eyes

Among the scattered rocks :

And now, at distance, can discern

A stirring in a brake of fern,

From which immediately leaps out

A dog, and, yelping runs about.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;

Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;

With something — as the shepherd thinks —

Unusual in its cry :

Nor is there any one in sight,

All round, in hollow or on height ;

Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear ; —

What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,

That keeps, till June, December's snow,

A lofty precipice in front,

A silent tarn below !

Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,

Remote from public road or dwelling,

Pathway or cultivated land,

From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes, does a leaping fish

Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;

The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere.
Thither the rainbow comes ; the cloud ;
And mists, that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past ; —
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not knowing what to think, awhile
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone, before he found
A human skeleton on the ground, —
Sad sight ! the shepherd, with a sigh,
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, — that place of fear ! —
At length, upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear.
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveler passed this way.

But hear a wonder now, for sake
Of which this mournful tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well : —

The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry, —
This dog had been, through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that, since the day
On which the traveler thus had died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side :
How nourished here, through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

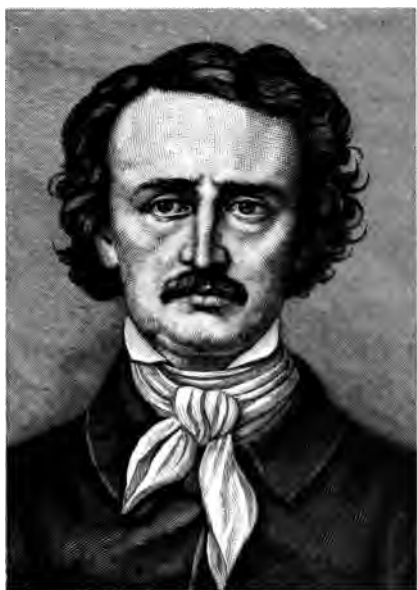
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



XLIII. — THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK.

1. "You hard-hearted, obstinate, crusty, musty, fusty, old savage!" said I, in fancy, one afternoon, to my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon, shaking my fist at him in imagination.

2. Only in imagination; for what I did say, as I opened the drawing-room door and approached him, was this: "I am sure, my dear uncle, that you have no design seriously to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours, I know. Now, uncle, all that Kate and myself wish at present is that you would oblige us with your advice as—as regards the time, you know, uncle; in short, when will it be most



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

convenient for yourself that the wedding shall come off?"

3. "Wouldn't it answer, Bob, if I were to leave it at random, some time within a year or so, for example? Must I say precisely?"

"If you please, uncle, precisely."

4. "Well, then, Bob, my boy, since you will have the exact time, I'll oblige you for once. You shall have my consent—let me see! When shall it be? To-day's Sunday, isn't it? Well, then, you shall be married precisely—precisely, now mind—when three Sundays come together in a week! But not till then, you young scapegrace, not till then, if I die for it. You know me: I'm a man of my word. Now be off!"

5. A very fine old English gentleman was my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon, but he had his weak points. He was a little, pompous, passionate, semicircular somebody, with a long purse, and a strong sense of his own consequence.

6. With the best heart in the world, he contrived to earn for himself, among those who only knew him superficially, the character of a curmudgeon. To every request, a positive "No!" was his immediate answer; but in the end, in the long, long end, there were exceedingly few requests which he refused.

7. Now it was this peculiarity in his disposition, of which Kate's ingenuity enabled us, one fine day not long after our interview, to take a very unexpected advantage. It happened that among the naval acquaintances of my betrothed were two gentlemen who

had just set foot upon the shores of England, after a year's absence. In company with these gentlemen, my cousin and I paid uncle Rumgudgeon a visit on the afternoon of Sunday, October the tenth, just three weeks after the memorable decision which had so cruelly defeated our hopes.

8. For about half an hour the conversation ran upon ordinary topics; but at last we contrived, quite naturally, to give it the following turn: "Well," said Captain Pratt, "I have been absent just one year to-day. Let me see! Yes, this is October the tenth. You remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, I called this day year to bid you good by. And, by the way, it does seem something like a coincidence, does it not, that our friend Captain Smitherton here has been absent exactly a year also, — a year to-day?"

9. "Yes, just one year to a fraction," said Captain Smitherton. "You will remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, that I called with Captain Pratt on this very day last year, to pay my parting respects."

"Yes, yes, yes," said uncle: "I remember it very well. Very queer indeed! Both of you gone just one year. A very strange coincidence, indeed!"

10. "To be sure, papa," interrupted Kate, "it is something strange; but then Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton didn't go the same route, and that makes a difference, you know."

"I don't know any such thing," said uncle Rumgudgeon. "How should I? I think it only makes the matter more remarkable."

11. "Captain Pratt," said I hastily, "you must come and spend the evening with me to-morrow, you and Smitherton. You can tell us all about your voyage, and we'll have a game of whist."

"Whist, my dear fellow!" said Captain Pratt, "you forget. To-morrow will be Sunday. Some other evening."

12. "O no!" said Kate. "Robert is not quite so bad as that. To-day's Sunday."

"To be sure, to be sure!" said uncle.

"I beg both your pardons," said Pratt, "but I can't be so much mistaken. I know to-morrow's Sunday."

13. "What are you all thinking about?" cried Smitherton. "Wasn't yesterday Sunday, I should like to know?"

"Yesterday, indeed!" said all of us in chorus. "No, no!"

"To-day's Sunday, I say, and I ought to know," said uncle testily.

"You are all mad, every one of you!" persisted Smitherton. "I am as positive that yesterday was Sunday as I am that I sit here."

14. "I see it all, papa," said Kate, jumping up. "This is a judgment upon you, about—about—you know what. I'll explain it all in a minute. It's a very simple thing, indeed. Captain Smitherton says that yesterday was Sunday. So it was: he is right. Cousin Bob and you and I say that to-day is Sunday. So it is: we are right. Captain Pratt insists that to-morrow will be Sunday. So it will: he is right too. The fact

is, we are all right, and thus three Sundays have come together in a week."

15. "By the by, Pratt," said Captain Smitherton, "Kate has caught us. What fools we two are!—Mr. Rumgudgeon, the matter stands thus: The earth, you know, is, in round numbers, twenty-four thousand miles in circumference. Now the earth turns on its own axis, spins round, these twenty-four thousand miles, going from west to east, in precisely twenty-four hours. Well, sir, that is at the rate of one thousand miles an hour.

16. "Now suppose that I sail from this position a thousand miles east. Of course, I anticipate the rising of the sun here at London by just one hour. I see the sun rise one hour before you do. Proceeding in the same direction yet another thousand miles, I anticipate the rising by two hours; another thousand, and I anticipate it by three hours; and so on, until I go entirely round the globe, and back to this spot, when having gone twenty-four thousand miles east, I anticipate the rising of the London sun by no less than twenty-four hours; that is to say, I am a day in advance of your time. Understand?

17. "But Captain Pratt, when he had sailed a thousand miles west of this position, was an hour, and when he had sailed twenty-four thousand miles was twenty-four hours, or one day, behind the time at London. Thus, with me, yesterday was Sunday; thus, with you, to-day is Sunday; and thus, with Captain Pratt, to-morrow will be Sunday. And what is more, Mr.

Rumgudgeon, it is positively clear that we are all right."

18. "Dear me! Well, well, Kate!" said uncle; "well, well, Bob! this is a judgment upon me, as you say. But I am a man of my word, — mark that! You shall have her, boy, when you please. Three Sundays in a week! Three Sundays in a week!"

EDGAR ALLAN POE.



XLIV.—THE FIORDS OF NORWAY.

I.

1. Every one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. It appears such a strange mixture of land and sea, as if there must be perpetual struggle between the two.

On the spot, this coast is very sublime. The long straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving, sandy shores, are, in fact, long, narrow valleys filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows.

2. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays (called fiords) from almost every wind so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests, the mirror being broken only by the

leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman as he goes from islet to islet to inspect the sea-fowl, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, or char, or cod, or herrings which abound in their seasons on the coast of Norway.

3. It is difficult to say whether these fiords are most beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer they glisten with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint lights of the winter noons of those latitudes and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half over, out come the stars, — the glorious stars which shine like nothing that we have ever seen.

4. There the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

5. Still as is everything to the eye, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In summer there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds which inhabit these isles;

and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes till they become a din as loud as that of a city.

6. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests makes this music as it goes. The stiff, spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night-wind in a Norwegian forest wakens myriads of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through.

7. This music ceases, of course, when there is snow; but yet there is the sound of avalanches as after a drifting storm a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the northern lights are shooting and blazing across the sky.

8. Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the fiords, where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two — wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may build his mill, and make a path from it to some great road, there is a human habitation, and the sounds that belong to it. Thence in winter nights come music and laughter, and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people, and they hold their gay meetings in defiance of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.

II.

1. Farmer Erlingsen had fixed his abode within the Arctic circle, not far from the foot of Sulitelma, the highest mountain in Norway.

This dwelling, with its few fields about it, was in a recess between the rocks, on the shore of the fiord. It was but little that Erlingsen's fields would produce, though they were sheltered from the coldest winds, and the summer sunshine was reflected from the rocks so as to make this little farm more productive than any which were in a more exposed situation.

2. A patch of rye was grown, and some beans and oats; and there was a strip of pasture and a garden in which might be seen turnips, potatoes, lettuce, and herbs, and even some fruits, — a few raspberries and a great many cherries.

There were three or four horses on the farm, five cows, and a small flock of goats. In summer, the cattle and flock were driven up the mountain, to feed on the pasture there, and during seven months of the year they were fed on hay grown at home, and that which was brought from the mountain, and a food of which, strange to us, cows are very fond — fish heads boiled into a thick soup.

3. At one extremity of the little beach of white sand before the farmer's door was his boat-house; and on his boat he and his family depended, no less than his cows, for a principal part of their winter subsistence.

Except a kid or calf now and then, no meat was

killed on the farm. Cod in winter, herrings in spring, trout and salmon in summer, always abounded. Reindeer meat was regularly purchased from the Lapps who traveled among the settlements for orders, or drove their fattened herds from farm to farm.

4. Besides this there was the resource of game. Erlingsen and his housemen brought home sometimes a young bear, sometimes wild ducks, or the noble cock-of-the-woods, as big as a turkey, or a string of snipes, or golden plovers, or ptarmigan.

The eggs of sea-birds might be found in every crevice of the islets of the fiord in the right season; and they are excellent food.

5. Once a year, too, Erlingsen wrapped himself in fur, and drove in his sledge, followed by one of his housemen in another and larger, to the great winter fair at Trondhjem where the Lapps repaired to sell their frozen reindeer meat, their skins, a few articles of manufacture, and where Russian merchants came with the productions of other climates.

6. Here in exchange for the salt-fish, feathers, and eider-down, which had been prepared by the industry of the family, Erlingsen obtained flax and wool wherewith to make clothing for the household, and those luxuries which no Norwegian thinks of going without — corn, brandy, coffee, tobacco, sugar, and spices.

7. It was Madame Erlingsen's business to calculate how much of all these foreign articles would be required for the use of her household for a whole year; and trusting to her calculations, which were never found

to be wrong, her husband came home heavily enough laden with good things for his own every day household and the hospitality in which they were as free, according to their opportunities, as any inhabitant of Bergen or Christiania.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.



XLV.—MRS. CAUDLE ASKING FOR MONEY.

1. If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times—and I do, the more shame for you to let me!

2. "What do I want now?" As if you didn't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me, gracious knows!

3. What do you say? "If it's painful, why so often do it?" I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club-jokes. As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

4. Now, Caudle, you hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day?—like nobody else's children!

5. "What was the matter with them?" Oh, Caudle! how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets?

6. What did you say? "What of it?" What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls in their new chips turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!"

7. "You didn't see it"? The more shame for you! I'm sure those Briggs girls — the little minxes! — put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew.

8. What do you say? "I ought to be ashamed to own it"? Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind — they sha'n't; and there's an end of it!

9. "I'm always wanting money for clothes"? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it — the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

10. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you will give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should.

11. "How much money do I want?" Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and —

12. What do you say? "I needn't count 'em! You know how many there are!" That's just the way you take me up!

13. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see — I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things look like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though I say it — bless their little hearts! — they do credit to you, Caudle.

14. "How much?" Now don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching — and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can — I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.

15. What did you say? "Twenty fiddle-sticks"?

16. What! "You won't give half the money!" Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care. Let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

17. What do you say? "Ten pounds enough"? Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves.

18. "They only want frocks and bonnets"? How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you — no, sir!

19. No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper

notions of themselves ; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths — and their father doesn't make the money you do, Caudle — when they see them as fine as tulips ? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any, or not a farthing.

20. No, sir — no ! I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots ! I only want to make 'em respectable.

21. What do you say ? “ You'll give me fifteen pounds ” ? No, Caudle — no ! Not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money ; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do !

DOUGLASS JERROLD.



XLVI. — OLIVER CROMWELL.

I.

1. Not long after King James I. took the place of Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England, there lived an English knight at a place called Hinchinbrooke. His name was Sir Oliver Cromwell. The old house in which he dwelt had been occupied by his ancestors before him for a good many years. In it there was a great hall, hung round with coats-of-arms and helmets, cuirasses and swords, which his forefathers had used in battle.

2. This Sir Oliver Cromwell had a nephew, who had been called Oliver, after himself, but who was generally known in the family by the name of little Noll. The child was often sent to visit his uncle, who probably found him a troublesome little fellow to take care of. He was forever in mischief, and always running into some danger or other, from which he seemed to escape only by miracle.

3. Even while he was an infant in the cradle, a strange accident had befallen him. A huge ape, which was kept in the family, snatched up little Noll in his arms, and clambered with him to the roof of the house. There this ugly beast sat grinning at the affrighted spectators, as if it had done the most praiseworthy thing imaginable. Fortunately, however, he brought the child safe down again.

4. One morning, when Noll was five or six years old, a royal messenger arrived at Hinchinbrooke with tidings that King James was coming to dine with Sir Oliver Cromwell. This was a high honor, to be sure, but a very great trouble; for all the lords and ladies, knights, guards, and squires, who waited on the king, were to be feasted as well as himself.

5. However, Sir Oliver expressed much thankfulness for the king's intended visit, and ordered his butler and cook to make the best preparations in their power. So a great fire was kindled in the kitchen; and the neighbors knew, by the smoke which poured out of the chimney, that boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, and frying were going on merrily.

6. By and by the sound of trumpets was heard approaching; and a heavy, old-fashioned coach, surrounded by guards on horseback, drove up to the house. Sir Oliver, with his hat in his hand, stood at the gate to receive the king. His majesty was dressed in a suit of green: he had a feather in his hat, and a triple ruff round his neck, and over his shoulder was slung a hunting-horn instead of a sword.

7. Altogether he had not the most dignified aspect in the world; but the spectators gazed at him as if there was something superhuman and divine in his person. They even shaded their eyes with their hands, as if they were dazzled by the glory of his countenance.

8. "How are ye, man?" cried King James, speaking in a Scotch accent; for Scotland was his native country. "By my crown, Sir Oliver, but I am glad to see ye!"

9. The good knight thanked the king, at the same time kneeling down while his majesty alighted. When King James stood on the ground, he directed Sir Oliver's attention to a little boy who had come with him in the coach. He was six or seven years old, and wore a hat and feather, and was more richly dressed than the king himself.

10. "I have brought my son Charlie to see ye," said the king. "I hope, Sir Oliver, ye have a son of your own to be his playmate."

11. Sir Oliver Cromwell made a reverential bow to the little prince, whom one of the attendants had now taken out of the coach. It was wonderful to see how all the spectators, even the aged men with their gray

beards, humbled themselves before this child. They looked as if they were ready to kneel down and worship him.

12. The poor little prince! From his earliest infancy not a soul had dared to contradict him; everybody around him had acted as if he were a superior being: so that, of course, he had imbibed the same opinion of himself. He naturally supposed that the kingdom of Great Britain and all its people had been created solely for his benefit and amusement.

13. "What a noble little prince he is!" exclaimed Sir Oliver. "No, please Your Majesty, I have no son to be the playmate of his royal highness; but there is a nephew of mine about the house. He is near the prince's age, and will be but too happy to wait upon his royal highness."

"Send for him, man! send for him!" said the king.

14. But as it happened, there was no need of sending for Master Noll. While King James was speaking, a rugged, bold-faced, sturdy little urchin thrust himself through the throng of courtiers and attendants, and greeted the prince with a broad stare. His doublet and hose, which had been put on new and clean in honor of the king's visit, were already soiled and torn with the rough play in which he had spent the morning. He looked no more abashed than if King James were his uncle, and the prince one of his playfellows. This was little Noll himself.

15. "Here, please Your Majesty, is my nephew," said Sir Oliver, somewhat ashamed of Noll's appearance and

demeanor. "Oliver, make your obeisance to the king's majesty."

16. The boy made a pretty respectful obeisance to the king, for in those days children were taught to pay reverence to their elders. King James, who prided himself greatly on his scholarship, asked Noll a few questions in the Latin grammar, and then introduced him to his son. The little prince, in a very grave manner, extended his hand, not for Noll to shake, but that he might kneel down and kiss it.

17. "Nephew," said Sir Oliver, "pay your duty to the prince." "I owe him no duty," cried Noll, thrusting aside the prince's hand with a rude laugh. "Why should I kiss that boy's hand?"

18. All the courtiers were amazed and confounded, and Sir Oliver the most of all. But the king laughed heartily, saying that little Noll had a stubborn English spirit, and that it was well for his son to learn betimes what sort of a people he was to rule over. So King James and his train entered the house; and the prince, with Noll and some other children, was sent to play in a separate room while his majesty was at dinner.

II.

1. The young people soon became acquainted; for boys, whether the sons of monarchs or of peasants, all like play, and are pleased with one another's society. What games they diverted themselves with, I cannot

tell. Perhaps they played at ball or blind-man's buff, perhaps at leap-frog.

2. Meanwhile King James and his nobles were feasting with Sir Oliver in the great hall. The king sat in a gilded chair, under a canopy, at the head of a long table. Whenever any of the company addressed him, it was with the deepest reverence. If the attendants offered him the various delicacies of the festival, it was upon their bended knees.

3. But fate had ordained that good King James should not finish his dinner in peace. All of a sudden there arose a terrible uproar in the room where the children were at play. Angry shouts and shrill cries of alarm were mixed up together; while the voices of elder persons were likewise heard, trying to restore order among the children. The king and everybody else at table looked aghast.

4. "Mercy on us!" muttered Sir Oliver; "that graceless nephew of mine is in some mischief or other." Getting up from table, he ran to see what was the matter, followed by many of the guests, and the king among them. They all crowded to the door of the play-room.

5. On looking in, they beheld the little Prince Charles, with his rich dress all torn, and covered with the dust of the floor. His royal blood was streaming from his nose in great abundance. He gazed at Noll with a mixture of rage and affright, and at the same time with a puzzled expression, as if he could not understand how any mortal boy should dare to give

him a beating. As for Noll, there stood his sturdy little figure, bold as a lion, looking as if he were ready to fight, not only the prince, but king and kingdom too.

6. "You little villain!" cried his uncle. "What have you been about? Down on your knees, this instant, and ask the prince's pardon. How dare you lay your hands on the king's majesty's royal son?"

"He struck me first," grumbled the valiant little Noll, "and I've only given him his due."

7. Sir Oliver and the guests lifted up their hands in astonishment and horror. No punishment seemed severe enough for this wicked little varlet, who had dared to resent a blow from the king's own son. Some of the courtiers were of opinion that Noll should be sent prisoner to the Tower of London, and brought to trial for high treason. Others, in their zeal for the king's service, were about to lay hands on the boy to chastise him in the royal presence.

8. But King James, who sometimes showed a good deal of sagacity, ordered them to desist.

"Thou art a bold boy," said he, looking fixedly at little Noll; "and if thou live to be a man, my son Charlie would do wisely to be friends with thee."

"I never will!" cried the little prince, stamping his foot.

9. "Peace, Charlie, peace!" said the king; and then added, addressing Sir Oliver and the attendants, "Harm not the urchin; for he has taught my son a good lesson, if Heaven do but give him grace to profit

by it. Hereafter, should he be tempted to tyrannize over the stubborn race of Englishmen, let him remember little Noll Cromwell and his own bloody nose."

10. So the king finished his dinner and departed; and for many a long year the childish quarrel between Prince Charles and Noll Cromwell was forgotten. But when old King James was dead, and Charles sat upon his throne, he seemed to forget that he was but a man, and that his meanest subjects were men as well as he. He wished to have the property and lives of the people of England entirely at his own disposal. But the Puritans, and all who loved liberty, rose against him, and beat him in many battles.

11. Throughout this war between the king and nobles on one side and the people of England on the other, there was a famous leader, who did more toward the ruin of royal authority than all the rest. The contest seemed like a wrestling-match between King Charles and this strong man. And the king was overthrown.

12. When the discrowned monarch was brought to trial, that warlike leader sat in the judgment-hall. Many judges were present besides himself; but he alone had the power to save King Charles, or to doom him to the scaffold. After sentence was pronounced, he was entreated by his own children, on their knees, to rescue his majesty from death.

13. "No!" said he sternly. "Better that one man should perish than that the whole country should be ruined for his sake. It is resolved that he shall die!"

14. When Charles, no longer a king, was led to the

scaffold, his great enemy stood at a window of the royal palace of Whitehall. He beheld the poor victim of pride, and an evil education, and misused power, as he laid his head upon the block. He looked on while the executioner lifted the fatal axe and smote off that anointed head at a single blow.

15. At night, when the body of Charles was laid in the coffin, in a gloomy chamber, the general entered, lighting himself with a torch. Its gleam showed that he was now growing old; his visage was scarred with many battle-marks; his brow was wrinkled with care. Probably there was not a single trait that belonged to the little Noll who had battled so stoutly with Prince Charles. Yet this was he!

16. He lifted the coffin-lid, and caused the light of his torch to fall upon the dead monarch's face. Then his mind went back over all the marvellous events that had brought the hereditary King of England to this dishonored coffin, and had raised himself to the possession of kingly power.

17. "Why was it," said Cromwell to himself, or might have said, "why was it that this great king fell, and that poor Noll Cromwell has gained all the power of the realm?" King Charles had fallen, because, in his manhood, the same as when a child, he disdained to feel that every human creature was his brother. He deemed himself a superior being, and fancied that his subjects were created only for a king to rule over. And Cromwell rose, because, in spite of his many faults, he mainly fought for the rights of his fellowmen.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

XLVII.—AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall.
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect —
So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through —
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !

The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" and, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.



XLVIII. — THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

I.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last
gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the peril-
ous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming;

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there :

O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream :
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner ; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more ?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave ;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation ;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation !

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

II.

ORIGIN OF THE FLAG.

1. The stars, as a matter of course, represent States. The origin of the stripes, I think, if searched out, would be found to be a little curious. All I know upon that point is that on the 4th day of July, 1776, after the Declaration of Independence was carried, a committee was appointed by Congress, consisting of Mr. Jefferson, Dr. Franklin, and John Adams, to prepare a *device* for a *seal* of the United States. This seal, as reported, or the device in full, as reported, was never adopted. But in it we see the emblems, in part, which are still preserved in the flag.

2. The stripes, or lines, which, on Mr. Jefferson's original plan, were to designate the six quarterings of the shield, as signs of the six countries from which our ancestors came, are now, I believe, considered as representations of the old thirteen States, and with most persons the idea of a shield is lost sight of. You perceive that, by drawing six lines or stripes on a shield figure, it will leave seven spaces of the original color, and of course give thirteen apparent stripes; hence the idea of their being all intended to represent the old thirteen

States. My opinion is that this was the origin of the stripes. Mr. Jefferson's quartered shield for a seal device was seized upon as a national emblem. We have now the stars as well as the stripes. When each of these was adopted I cannot say ; but the flag, as it now is, was designed by Captain Reid, and adopted by Congress.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.



XLIX.—CHARITY OR LOVE.

1. If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

2. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge ; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

3. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

4. Love suffereth long, and is kind ; love envieth not ; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil ; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

5. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

6. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

7. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known.

8. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

ST. PAUL, *Revised Version*.



L. — CHARACTER.

As Nature made every man with a nose and eyes of his own, she gave him a character of his own, too; and yet we, O foolish race, must try our best to ape one or two of our neighbors, whose ideas fit us no more than their breeches!

THACKERAY.

Brains and character rule the world. The most distinguished Frenchman of the last century said, "Men succeed less by their talents than by their character."

There were scores of men a hundred years ago who had more intellect than Washington. He outlives and overrides them all by the influence of his character.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Our character is our will ; for what we will we are.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more the product of the brain, the latter of heart power ; and in the long run it is the heart that rules the life.

SAMUEL SMILES.

There are many persons of whom it may be said that they have no other possession in the world but their character, and yet they stand as firmly upon it as any crowned king.

SAMUEL SMILES.

Character is not cut in marble ; it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A good character when established should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still further good.

ATTERBURY.

LI. — THE VISION OF MIRZA.

1. When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows :

2. On the fifth day of the moon — which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy — after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life ; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

3. While I was musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard.

4. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of

the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures. I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible.

5. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature ; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept.

6. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me !"

7. He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I

see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

8. "Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

9. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared.

10. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no

sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire. There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.

11. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight.

12. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with cimeters in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

13. The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I,

"those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."

14. I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved in compassion toward me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

15. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

16. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, inso-much that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and

interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

17. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.

18. "These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence?

Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

19. At length said I: "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

JOSEPH ADDISON.



LII. — LESSONS IN FLOWERS.

I.

THE RHODORA.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay.
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,

Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !
I never thought to ask, I never knew ;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought
you.

EMERSON.

II.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heavens' own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night :

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end ;

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky ;
Blue — blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

BRYANT.

LIII.—AMERICAN COLONISTS.

1. The growth of the colonies from the first settlements in 1607 and 1620 to the end of the French and Indian War had been slow but steady. When a gardener finds that a healthy young plant shows but little progress, he is not discouraged. He says cheerfully, "It is all right; it is making roots, and will last the longer." For a century and a half the colonies had been "making roots,"—getting that firm hold so necessary for the future growth of a free and powerful nation.

2. In 1763 the entire population probably did not greatly exceed that of New York City now. Of this about one-sixth were negro slaves; every colony had some, but by far the larger part were owned south of the Potomac. This population was nearly all east of the Alleghanies. West of those mountains the country was really a howling wilderness. The majority of the colonists—especially in Virginia and New England—were English or of English descent. Next in number came the Germans in Pennsylvania, the Dutch in New York, the Irish and Scotch-Irish who had settled to some extent in all of the colonies, and, finally, the descendants of the Huguenots, or French Protestants, most numerous in South Carolina.

3. Nearly all of the colonists spoke English, and nearly all were Protestants. Most of them had sprung from the same social class in the mother-country. A witty Frenchman of that day said that the people of

England reminded him of a barrel of their own beer — froth on the top, dregs at the bottom, but clear and sound in the middle. It was from that energetic, industrious, self-respecting middle class that the greater part of the emigrants to this country came. In none of the colonies was there a titled aristocracy holding land, and established by law as in Europe. In Virginia, however, the great plantations were usually handed down to the eldest son after the English fashion. America had men of intelligence and wealth, but no lords; she had learned and influential clergymen, but no bishops.

4. Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Charleston were the chief cities, yet even Philadelphia, then the largest, had only about twenty thousand inhabitants, and not one of these cities published a daily paper, and did not until more than twenty years later.

The foreign trade of the country was prosperous. The South exported tobacco, rice, indigo, tar, and turpentine; the North, fish, lumber, furs, and iron. New England built and sold so many sailing-vessels that the ship-carpenters of Great Britain complained that the Americans were ruining their business. Manufactories were comparatively few.

5. England treated her colonies in a broader and more generous spirit than any other nation in Europe, but she wished, so far as practicable, to compel the Americans to buy all their goods from her. On this account she refused to let them make so much as a yard of fine woolen cloth, an iron pot, or print a new Testament. The people of this country did not openly dis-

pute this right, or supposed right, of the mother-country to restrict their trade; but they smuggled goods, especially tea and other luxuries, from Europe; and the British custom-house officers pretty generally winked at the landing of such articles.

6. The colonists, though loyal to the king, were full of sturdy independence of character. In 1775 some of them adopted a flag on which was a rattlesnake coiled ready to strike, and the words, "DON'T TREAD ON ME"; but they might have hoisted such colors just as well a dozen years before, for that flag expressed what their real spirit had always been. Though there was but little communication between the colonies, yet they were essentially one people,—they spoke the same language, they appealed for justice to the same general law, they held, with some few exceptions, the same religion.

7. Few of the colonists were very rich; fewer still were miserably poor. The mass of the people lived simply but comfortably. The farm-houses were generally built of huge timbers covered with rough, unpainted clapboards, often with the upper story projecting so that in case of an attack by Indians, the owner could fire down on the savages and give them a reception they would remember.

8. Usually the center of such houses was taken up by an immense open fireplace, so big that it was a fair question whether the chimney was built for the house or the house for the chimney. On a snapping cold night there was no more cheerful sight than such a fireplace piled up with blazing logs, round which our forefathers and

their sturdy families sat contentedly, watching the flames as they leaped up the chimney. But these roaring fires meant work. During the day the wood-chopper seemed to hear them forever crying "more, more," and if by ill-chance they went out at night, there were no matches to rekindle them. That had to be done by striking a spark with flint and steel, catching it on a bit of half-burnt rag, and then blowing that spark to a flame. If we are tempted to envy our ancestors their cozy winter evenings, probably few envy them their winter mornings in case the fire failed to keep over.

9. The cooking was done either over or before these open fires, or in huge brick ovens. The food was very simple, — often nothing more than mush and molasses for breakfast, — but there was plenty of it, and no lack of healthy appetite.

The farmer bought little at the store. He raised his own food; his sheep furnished wool, and his wife and daughters spun and wove it into stout "homespun" cloth. In such households there were few idle days, but many happy ones; and for recreation the young people had sleighing parties, husking-bees, general trainings, and other merry-makings.

10. In the cities and large towns, and on the great plantations at the South, there was a good deal of luxury. The rich lived in stately mansions, furnished with solid oak and mahogany imported from England. Their tables shone with silver plate, and sparkled with costly wines. They owned their servants instead of hiring them. Gentlemen, when in full dress, wore three-cor-

nered cocked hats, long velvet coats, lace ruffles at their wrists, knee breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. They kept their hair long, powdered it white, and tied it back in a twist or queue with a black silk ribbon.

11. Ladies wore gowns of brocade and rich silk almost stiff enough to stand alone. They also powdered their hair, so that all people of fashion, whether young or old, looked stately and venerable. In general, life moved in somewhat the same stately way: there was no hurrying to catch trains, no flashing of telegrams from one end of the country to the other, no newsboy shouting daily papers, no instantaneous photographs, no pushing and hustling in overcrowded streets. On Sunday every one, or practically every one, went to church; and, in New England, if a man was absent more than once without some very good reason, he was in great danger of making the acquaintance of the whipping-post.

12. People seldom traveled. When they did, they generally preferred going by water if possible, in order to avoid the bad roads. But as such traveling was wholly in sailing-vessels, the time when a man reached his destination depended altogether on the wind, and the wind made no promises. Knowing this fact, some chose to go by land. To accommodate these venturesome people a lumbering covered wagon ran once a week between New York and Philadelphia, traveling at the rate of about three miles an hour. Later (1766) an enterprising individual put on a wagon which actually made the trip of ninety miles in two days. On account of its

speed it was advertised as the "Flying Machine"; the cheaper conveyances, which did not "fly," took a day longer to make the journey. In the wet season of the year the passengers often worked their passage as well as paid for it, for they were frequently called on to get out and pry the wagon out of the mud with fence-rails.

13. The expense of carrying the mails made postage so high that but few letters were written. These were rarely prepaid; and as a charge of twenty-five cents on a single letter was not very uncommon, most persons preferred that their friends should think of them often but write to them seldom.

14. Yet if people rarely wrote to each other and traveled but little, they were quite sure of being hospitably entertained along the way when they did venture from home. This was especially the case in Virginia. The rich planters in that section considered a guest a prize. He brought the latest news and the newest gossip. It was no strange thing for a planter to send out one of his negroes to station himself by the roadside to watch for the coming of some respectable-looking stranger on horseback. Then the servant, smiling and bowing, begged him to turn aside and stop over night at his master's mansion. There he was sure to be treated to the best there was in the house; and as no temperance society had then come into existence, the best, both North and South, always meant plenty to drink as well as plenty to eat, followed perhaps by a fox-hunt, or some other sport, the next day.

15. But if the times were hospitable, they were also somewhat rough and even brutal. A trifling offence would often send a man to the stocks for meditation, and something more serious to the pillory, where passers-by might stop to pelt him with a handful of mud, a rotten apple, or something worse. Imprisonment for debt was an every day occurrence, and criminals who committed highway robbery or murder were first paraded through the principal streets and then hanged in public.

16. Most of the colonists, especially in New England, where free schools had long been established by law, could read and write fairly well; and a small number, particularly clergymen, were highly educated. Very few books were published, but the rich imported a stock of the best English authors, and, what is more, they read them. The two ablest American writers of that day were the Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Massachusetts and Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia. Edwards wrote his great work "On the Freedom of the Will" for that small number of readers who like a book that forces them to think as well as read. Not many can grasp Edwards's thought about the "Will," but we can all understand how nobly he used his own will when he made these two resolutions: 1. "*To do whatever I think to be my duty.*" 2. "*To live with all my might while I do live.*"

17. Franklin's best-known work was his Almanac, commonly called "Poor Richard's Almanac," which he published for many years. It was full of shrewd, prac-

tical wit and wisdom, and it suited a hard-working people. Men who had begun life with no help but such as they got from their own hands and their own brains liked to read such sayings as these: "*Diligence is the mother of good luck.*" "*He that can have patience can have what he will.*" "*Heaven helps those who help themselves.*" Thousands of young men read these maxims, put them into practice, and found their reward in the prosperity and independence to which they led.

D. H. MONTGOMERY.



LIV. — ABRAM AND ZIMRI.

Abram and Zimri owned a field together, —
A level field hid in a happy vale.
They plowed it with one plow, and in the spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiles with grain,
Each carried to his home one half the sheaves,
And stored them with much labor in his barns.
Now, Abram had a wife and seven sons ;
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed,
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons ;

And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I :
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Down to the field, and add to his from mine."

So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain-path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap ;
And then went back to sleep, and happy dreams.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, " He dwells within his house alone ;
He goeth forth to toil with few to help ;
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine,"
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone) :
" While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil, and make it light.
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God :
I will arise and gird myself, and go

Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the starry sky,
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze.
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain-path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap ;
Then he went back to sleep, and happy dreams.

So the next morning with the early sun
The brothers rose, and went out to their toil.
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
Though he had given a third, was still the same.

Now, the next night went Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share,
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
The cedars stood up black against the sky,
The olive-branches whispered in the wind.

Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And, looking to the right and left, went on,
Took from his ample store a generous third,

And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose, and caught him in his arms,
And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek :
And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak ;
Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
That he had bound them in such loving bands.

ANON.



LV.—THE STAR IN THE EAST.

1. A mile and a half, it may be two miles, southeast of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain. Besides being well sheltered from the north winds, the vale was covered with a growth of sycamore, dwarf oak and pine trees, while in the glens and ravines adjoining there were thickets of olive and mulberry, — all at this season of the year invaluable for the support of sheep, goats, and cattle, of which the wandering flocks consisted.

2. At the side farthest from the town, close under a bluff, there was an extensive *mārâh* or sheep-cote, ages old.

A number of shepherds, seeking fresh walks for their flocks, led them up to this plain ; and from early morning the groves had been made to ring with calls, and the blows of axes, the bleating of sheep and goats, the tinkling of bells, the lowing of cattle, and the barking of dogs.

3. When the sun went down they led the way to the *máráh*, and by nightfall had everything safe in the field; then they kindled a fire, partook of their humble supper, and sat down to rest and talk, leaving one on watch.

They rested and talked, and their talk was all about their flocks, a dull theme to the world, yet a theme which was all the world to them. While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one the shepherds went to sleep, each lying where he had sat.

4. The night, like most nights of the winter season in the hill country, was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth. By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked. The midnight was slow coming to him, but at last it came.

His task was done; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children. He moved towards the fire, but paused; a light was breaking around him, soft and white, like the moon's. He waited breathlessly.

5. The light deepened; things before invisible came to view; he saw the whole field, and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air smote him — a chill of fear. He looked up; the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky;

as he looked it became a splendor ; then in terror he cried, —

“ Awake, awake ! ”

6. Up sprang the dogs, and, howling, ran away. The herds rushed together, bewildered. The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand.

“ What is it ? ” they asked, all in one voice. “ See ! ” cried the watchman, “ the sky is on fire.” Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes and dropped upon their knees ; then, as their souls shrank with fear, they fell upon their faces, blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them, —

“ Fear not ! ”

7. And they listened.

“ Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.”

The voice penetrated all their being, and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees, and looking worshipfully, beheld, in the centre of a great glory, the appearance of a man, clad in a robe intensely white ; above its shoulders towered the tops of wings, shining and folded ; a star over its forehead glowed with steady lustre, brilliant as Hesperus ; its hands were stretched towards them in blessing ; its face was serene and divinely beautiful.

8. They had often heard and in their simple way talked of angels ; and they doubted not now, but said in their hearts, “ The glory of God is about us ; and this is he who of old came to the prophet by the river of Ulai.”

Directly the angel continued, —

“For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.”

Again there was a rest, while the words sank into their minds.

“And this shall be a sign unto you,” the annunciator said next; “Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.”

9. The herald spoke not again; yet he stayed a while. Suddenly the light, of which he seemed the centre, turned roseate and began to tremble; then, up far as the men could see, there was flashing of white wings, and coming and going of radiant forms, and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!” Not once the praise, but many times. Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one far off; he arose lightly, and, without effort, floated out of view, taking the light up with him.

10. When the shepherds came fully to their senses, one of them said, “It was Gabriel, God’s messenger unto men.” None answered. “‘Christ the Lord is born!’ said he not so? And did he not also say, ‘in the city of David,’ which is our Bethlehem, yonder? And that we should find him a babe ‘in swaddling clothes,’ and ‘lying in a manger’?”

11. The first speaker gazed into the fire, thoughtfully, but at length said, like one possessed of a sudden resolve, “There is but one place in Bethlehem where there are mangers, but one; and that is in the cave near the old

Kahn. Brethren, let us go see this thing which is come to pass. The priests and doctors have been a long time looking for the Christ. Now he is born, and the Lord has given us a sign by which to know him. Let us go and worship him."

"But the flocks!"

"The Lord will take care of them. Let us make haste."

Then they all arose and left the *mârâh*.

LEW WALLACE.



LVI.—THE ARCHERY CONTEST.

1. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted in silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and underkeepers in the royal forests. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat.

The diminished list still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery.

2. One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shots two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

3. "That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long-bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string.

4. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre, or grasping-place, was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

5. "Hubert," said Prince John, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow —"

"Never mind thy grandsire and all his generation," interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

6. Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place; and, not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a

very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert forever!"

7. "Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley; and letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"This must be no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other. "Such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

8. "And, now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it, to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please,—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him, in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

9. Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, — I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

10. "My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life, — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the end of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

11. "Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

12. So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamation followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, nor so true an eye direct a shaft."

13. "Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I." Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LVII.—THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl, —
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings :

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

O. W. HOLMES.

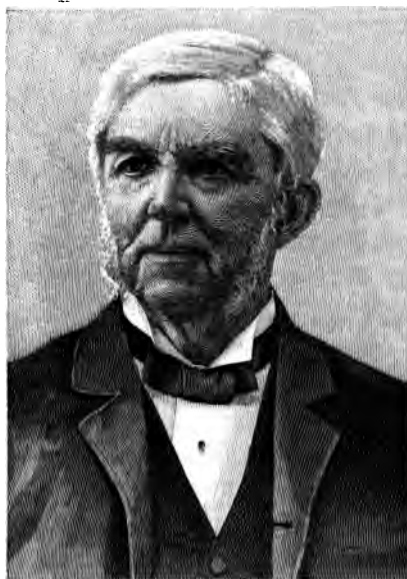


LVIII.—PASSENGER PIGEONS.

1. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions, when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the centre. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

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2. It is extremely interesting to see flock after flock performing exactly the same evolutions which had been traced as it were, in the air, by a preceding flock. Thus should a hawk have charged on a group at a certain spot, the angles, curves, and undulations that have been described by the birds, in their efforts to escape from the dreaded talons of the plunderer, are undeviatingly followed by the next group that comes up. Should the by-stander happen to witness one of these affrays, and, struck with the rapidity and elegance of the motions exhibited, feel desirous of seeing them repeated, his wishes will be gratified, if he only remain in the place until the next group comes up.

3. As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly around in circles, reviewing the country below. During their evolutions, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon, suddenly presenting a mass of rich purple.

4. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight, but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flapping of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near.

5. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up

the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast. The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on wing. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing, and so completely has it been cleared, that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labor completely lost.

J. J. AUDUBON.



LIX. — JUSTICE.

1. During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian came to a people in Africa who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their Chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

2. "Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander. "I take it for granted," replied the Chief, "that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come among us?" "Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander, "but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs." "So be it," rejoined the other; "sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee."

3. At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their Court of Justice. The plaintiff said,

"I bought of this man a piece of land, and, as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it." The defendant answered, "I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively."

4. The Chief, who was at the same time their supreme Judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright, then after some reflection said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?" "Yes!" "And thou," addressing the other, "a daughter?" "Yes!" "Well then, let thy son marry *thy* daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage-portion."

5. Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the Chief asked him. "Oh, no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me." "And how, then," rejoined the Chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?" "To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the King's use."

6. "For the King's use!" exclaimed the Chief, now in his turn astonished. "Does the Sun shine on that country?" "Oh, yes!" "Does it rain there?" "Assuredly." "Wonderful! but are there tame animals in

the country that live on the grass and green herbs?" "Very many, and of many kinds." "Ay, that must be the cause," said the Chief: "for the sake of those innocent animals, the All-gracious Being continues to let the Sun shine and the rain drop down on your country."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



LX. — MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
In old Plataea's day;

And now, there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on ; the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms ! They come—the Greek ! the Greek !”
He woke to die 'mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud,
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
“Strike, till the last armed foe expires !
Strike, for your altars and your fires !
Strike, for the green graves of your sires —
God, and your native land !”

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death !
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance and wine,
And thou art terrible ; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee ! there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's —
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

LXI.—THE COYOTE OF THE DESERT.

1. The coyote of the farther deserts is a long, slim, sick, and sorry-looking skeleton, with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail, that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

2. He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is so homely! so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful!

3. When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol-range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you. He will trot fifty yards and stop again; another fifty, and stop again; and, finally, the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

4. But, if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been

brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck farther to the front, and pant more fiercely, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain!

5. All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and, to save the life of him, he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along, and never pants or sweats, or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is.

6. And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

7. This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in

the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say : —

a. “ Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, but — business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day.” And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude !

S. L. CLEMENS.



LXII. — PIZARRO'S HEROISM.

1. Pizarro and his little band had been sorely tried by the perils they had encountered. They were now experiencing untold miseries on the desolate island of Gallo. They had to endure the pangs of hunger even in a greater degree than they had formerly experienced in the wild woods of the neighboring continent. Their principal food was crabs and such shell-fish as they could scantily pick up along the shores. Incessant storms of thunder and lightning swept over the devoted island and drenched them with a perpetual flood.

2. Thus, half-naked, and pining with famine, there were few in that little company who did not feel the spirit of enterprise quenched within them, or who looked for any happier termination of their difficulties than

that afforded by a return to Panama. The appearance of Tafur, therefore, with two vessels, well stored, was greeted with all the rapture that the crew of a sinking wreck might feel on the arrival of some unexpected succor; and the only thought, after satisfying the immediate cravings of hunger, was to embark and leave the detested isle forever.

3. But by the same vessel letters came to Pizarro from his two confederates, Luque and Almagro, beseeching him not to despair in his present extremity, but to hold fast to his original purpose. To return under the present circumstances would be to seal the fate of the expedition; and they solemnly engaged, if he would remain firm at his post, to furnish him in a short time with the necessary means for going forward.

4. A ray of hope was enough for the courageous spirit of Pizarro. It does not appear that he himself had entertained, at any time, thoughts of returning. If he had, these words of encouragement entirely banished them from his bosom, and he prepared to stand the fortune of the cast on which he had so desperately ventured. He knew, however, that solicitations or remonstrances would avail little with the companions of his enterprise; and he probably did not care to win over the more timid spirits who, by perpetually looking back, would only be a clog on his future movements. He announced his own purpose, however, in a laconic but decided manner, characteristic of a man more accustomed to act than to talk, and well calculated to make an impression on his rough followers.

5. Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then turning towards the south, "Friends and comrades!" he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line. He was followed by the brave pilot Ruiz; next by Pedro de Candia, a cavalier, born, as his name imports, in one of the isles of Greece. Eleven others successively crossed the line, thus intimating their willingness to abide the fortunes of their leader for good or for evil.

6. Fame, to quote the enthusiastic language of an ancient chronicler, has commemorated the names of this little band, "who thus, in the face of difficulties unexampled in history, with death rather than riches for their reward, preferred it all to abandoning their honor, and stood firm by their leader as an example of loyalty to future ages."

7. But the act excited no such admiration in the mind of Tafur, who looked on it as one of gross disobedience to the commands of the governor, and as little better than madness, involving the certain destruction of the parties engaged in it. He refused to give his sanction to it himself by leaving one of his vessels with the adventurers to prosecute their voyage, and it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded even to allow them a part of the stores which he had brought

for their support. This had no influence on their determination, and the little party, bidding adieu to their returning comrades, remained unshaken in their purpose of abiding the fortunes of their commander.

8. There is something striking to the imagination in the spectacle of these few brave spirits, thus consecrating themselves to a daring enterprise, which seemed as far above their strength as any recorded in the fabulous annals of knight-errantry. A handful of men without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessel to transport them, were here left on a lonely rock in the ocean with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it?

9. This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate. There are moments in the lives of men, which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny. Had Pizarro faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion, now so temptingly offered, for extricating himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers. But his constancy was equal to the occasion, and his conduct here proved him competent to the perilous post he had assumed, and inspired others with a confidence in him which was the best assurance of success.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

LXIII. — LIFE IN THE NEW SETTLEMENTS.

1. The early Catholic emigrants, in common with their brethren of other denominations, had to endure many privations and hardships. As we may well conceive, there were few luxuries to be found in the wilderness, in the midst of which they had fixed their new habitations. They often suffered even for the most indispensable necessities of life. To obtain salt, they had to travel many miles to the licks, through a country infested with savages; and they were often obliged to remain there for several days, until they could procure a supply.

2. There were then no regular roads in Kentucky. The forests were filled with a luxuriant undergrowth, thickly interspersed with the cane, and the whole closely interlaced with the wild pea-vine. These circumstances rendered them nearly impassable; and almost the only chance of effecting a passage through this vegetable wilderness, was by following the paths or *traces* made by the herds of buffalo and other wild beasts. Luckily these traces were numerous, especially in the vicinity of the licks, which the buffalo were in the habit of frequenting, to drink the salt water, or *lick* the earth impregnated with salt.

3. The new colonists resided in log-cabins, rudely constructed, with no glass in the windows, with floors of dirt, or, in the better sort of dwellings, of puncheons of split timber, roughly hewed with the axe. After they had worn out the clothing brought with them from the

old settlements, both men and women were under the necessity of wearing buckskin or homespun apparel. Such a thing as a store was not known in Kentucky for many years : and the names of broadcloth, gingham, and calicoes, were never even so much as breathed. Moccasins made of buckskin supplied the place of our modern shoes ; blankets thrown over the shoulder answered the purpose of our present fashionable coats and cloaks ; and handkerchiefs tied around the head served instead of hats and bonnets. A modern fashionable bonnet would have been a matter of real wonderment in those days of unaffected simplicity.

4. The furniture of the cabins was of the same primitive character. Stools were used instead of chairs ; the table was made of slabs of timber, rudely put together. Wooden vessels and platters supplied the place of our modern plates and chinaware ; and a "tin cup was an article of delicate furniture, almost as rare as an iron-fork." The beds were either placed on the floor, or on bedsteads of puncheons, supported by forked pieces of timber, driven into the ground, or resting on pins let into *auger*-holes in the sides of the cabin. Blankets, and bear and buffalo skins, constituted often the principal bed-covering.

5. One of the chief resources for food was the chase. All kinds of game were then very abundant ; and when the hunter chanced to have a goodly supply of ammunition, his fortune was made for the year. The game was plainly dressed, and served up on wooden platters, with corn-bread, and the Indian dish — the well-known *hom-*

ing. The corn was ground with great difficulty, on the laborious hand-mills; for mills of other descriptions were then, and for many years afterwards, unknown in Kentucky.

6. Such was the simple manner of life led by *our* "pilgrim fathers." They had fewer luxuries, but perhaps were, withal, more happy than their more fastidious descendants. Hospitality was not then an empty name; every log-cabin was freely thrown open to all who chose to share in the best cheer its inmates could afford. The early settlers of Kentucky were bound together by the strong ties of common hardships and dangers—to say nothing of other bonds of union—and they clung together with great tenacity. On the slightest alarm of Indian invasion, they all made common cause, and flew together to the rescue. There was less selfishness, and more generous chivalry; less bickering and more cordial charity than at present, notwithstanding all our boasted refinement.

MARTIN JOHN SPAULDING.



LXIV.—PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, — “ If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said Good night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till, in the silence around him, he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch

On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;

But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam, of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street.
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And he felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock

Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear, —
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forever more !
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LXV.—AN IRRITABLE MOOD.

1. It was evening, and I had just laid up the fire in the most approved style of architecture, and, projecting my feet into my slippers, sat, spitefully cutting the leaves of a caustic review. Mrs. Crowfield took the tongs and altered the disposition of a stick.

2. "My dear," I said, "I do wish you'd let the fire alone, — you always put it out."

"I was merely admitting a little air between the sticks," said my wife.

"You always make matters worse, when you touch the fire."

3. As if in contradiction, a bright tongue of flame darted up between the sticks, and the fire began chattering and snapping at me. I threw up my leg impatiently, and hit Rover, who yelped a yelp that finished the upset of my nerves. I gave him a hearty kick, that he might have something to yelp for, and, in the movement, upset Jennie's embroidery-basket.

4. "O, papa!"

"Confound your baskets and balls! — they are everywhere, so that a man can't move; useless, wasteful things, too."

"Wasteful?" said Jennie, coloring indignantly; for if there's anything Jennie piques herself upon, it's her economy.

5. "Yes, wasteful — wasting time and money both. Here are hundreds of shivering poor to be clothed, and Christian females sit and do nothing but crochet

worsted into useless knick-knacks. If they would be working for the poor, there would be some sense in it. But it's all just alike; no real Christianity in the world,—nothing but organized selfishness and self-indulgence."

6. "Why, dear," said Mrs. Crowfield, "you are not well to-night. Things are not quite so desperate as they appear. You haven't got over Christmas-week."

7. "I am well. Never was better. But I can see, I hope, what's before my eyes; and the fact is, Mrs. Crowfield, things must not go on as they are going. There must be more care, more attention to details. There's Maggie,—never does what she is told. She will light the fire with the last paper, and she won't put my slippers in the right place; and I can't have my study made the general catch-all and menagerie for Rover and Jennie, and her basket and balls, and for all the family litter."

8. Just at this moment I overheard a sort of sigh from Jennie, who was swelling with repressed indignation at my attack on her worsted. She sat, with her back to me, knitting energetically, and said, in a low but very decisive tone, as she twitched her yarn:—

"Now, if *I* should talk in that way, people would call me cross, and that's the whole of it."

9. I pretended to be looking into the fire in an absent-minded state; but Jennie's words had started a new idea. Was *that* it? Was that the whole matter? Was it, then, a fact, that the house, the servants, Jennie and her worsted, Rover and Mrs. Crowfield,

were all going on pretty much as usual, and that the only difficulty was, that I was—*cross*? How many times had I encouraged Rover to lie just where he was lying when I kicked him! How many times, in better moods, had I complimented Jennie on her neat little fancy-works, and declared that I liked the social companionship of ladies' work-baskets among my papers! Yes, it was clear. After all, things were much as they had been, only I was *cross*.

10. Cross! I put it to myself, in that simple, old-fashioned word, instead of saying that I was out of spirits, or nervous, or using any of the other smooth phrases with which we, good Christians, cover up our little sins of temper; and the consequence was, that, like a thoughtless young scape-grace, I had used up, in ten days, the capital of nervous energy that was meant to last me ten weeks.

11. "You can't eat your cake and have it too, Christopher. When the nervous fluid—source of cheerfulness, giver of pleasant sensations and pleasant views—is all spent, you can't feel cheerful; things cannot look as they did when you were full of life and vigor. When the tide is out, there is nothing but unsightly, ill-smelling tide-mud, and you can't help it; but you can keep your senses,—you can know what is the matter with you,—you can keep from visiting your over-dose of Christmas-pies, and candies, and jocularities on the heads of Mrs. Crowfield, Rover, and Jennie, whether in the form of virulent morality, pungent criticism, or a free kick, such as you just gave the poor brute."

12. "Come here, Rover, poor dog!" said I, extending my hand to Rover, who cowered at the farther corner of the room, eyeing me wistfully, — "come here, you poor doggie, and make up with your master. There, there! Was his master cross? Well, he knows it. We must forgive and forget, old boy, mustn't we?" And Rover nearly broke his own back and tore me to pieces, with his tremulous tail-waggings.

13. "As to you, puss," I said to Jennie, "I am much obliged to you for your free suggestion. You must take my cynical moralities for what they are worth, and put your little traps into as many of my drawers as you please."

14. In short, I made it up handsomely all around, — even apologizing to Mrs. Crowfield, who, by-the-by, has summered me and wintered me so many years, and knows all my airs and cuts and crinkles so well, that she took my irritable, unreasonable spirit as tranquilly as if I had been a baby cutting a new tooth.

"I knew what the matter was; don't disturb yourself," she said, as I began my apology; "we understand each other."

MRS. H. B. STOWE.



LXVI. — POWERS OF THE HAND.

1. In many respects, *the organ of touch*, as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are *passive*: the organ of touch alone is *active*. The eye, the ear, and the nostril,

stand simply open : light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell ; but the hand *selects* what it shall touch, and *touches* what it pleases. It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons toward it the things which it desires, — unlike the eye, which must often gaze transfixed at horrible sights from which it cannot turn, and the ear, which cannot escape from the torture of discordant sounds, and the nostril, which cannot protect itself from unpleasant odors.

2. Moreover, the hand cares not only for its *own* wants, but, when the *other* organs of the senses are rendered useless, takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an *eye* through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious way. It looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing on him. It peruses books for him, and quickens the long and tedious hours by its silent readings. It ministers as willingly to the deaf ; and when the tongue is dumb, and the ear stopped, its fingers *speak eloquently* to the eye, and enable it to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

3. The organs of all the *other* senses, also, even in their greatest perfection, are beholden to the hand for the enhancement and the exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a *telescope* with which to range among the stars ; and by another copy on a slightly different plan, furnishes it with a *microscope*, and introduces it into a new world of wonders. It constructs for the ear the *instruments*

by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower whose odors it delights to inhale, and distills for it the fragrance which it covets.

4. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the lord of Taste. In short, the organ of *touch* is the minister of its sister senses, and is the handmaid of them all. And, if the hand thus munificently serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power, of man. Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plow into it, and it will till for him; put a harp into it, and it will play for him; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him. What will it *not* do? What has it *not* done?

5. A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man! An electric telegraph is but a long pen for that little hand to write with! All our huge cannons and other weapons of war, with which we conquer our enemies, are but the productions of the wonder-working hand! What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a lighthouse, or a palace, — what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself, in so far as man has changed it, but the *work of that giant hand*, with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will!

6. When I think of all that man and woman's hand

has wrought, from the day when Eve put forth her erring hand to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree, to that dark hour when the pierced hands of the Savior of the world were nailed to the predicted tree of shame, and of all that human hands have done of good and evil since, I lift up my hand, and gaze upon it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is! What an instrument for evil! and all the day long it is never idle. There is no implement which it cannot wield, and it should never, in working hours, be without one.

7. We unwisely restrict the term handicraftsman, or hand-worker, to the more laborious callings; but it belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet. For the queen's hand there is the scepter, and for the soldier's hand the sword; for the carpenter's hand the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer; for the farmer's hand the plow; for the miner's hand the spade; for the sailor's hand the oar; for the painter's hand the brush; for the sculptor's hand the chisel; for the poet's hand the pen; and for woman's hand the needle. But for *all* there is the command, "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*"

JOHN WILSON.



LXVII.—THE AMBUSCADE.

"Have, then, thy wish!" He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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Instant, through copse and heath arose
Bonnetts and spears and bended bows ;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe.
From shingles gray the lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.

That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still ;
Like the loose crags, whose threat'ning mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.

The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James : " How say'st thou now ?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu ! "

Fitz-James was brave. Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare.
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before :
“Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”
Sir Roderick marked, and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

Short space he stood, then waved his hand :
Down sank the disappearing band ;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
Sank brand and spear and bended bow
In osiers pale and copses low ;
It seemed as if their mother-earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon and plaid and plumage fair —
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide ;
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glave, from targe and jack ;
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round, yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received ;

Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.

Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the chief replied :
“Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —
But doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest ; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford ;
Nor would I call a clansman’s brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on ; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”

They moved. I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glave,
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick’s stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet by fearful proof was rife
With lances that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever by stealth his eyes sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,

And still from copse and heather deep
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's silly strain
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left: for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



LXVIII.—BOOKS AS COMPANIONS.

1. Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associates are determined by chance or necessity, and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them.

2. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being

deceptive ; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or of arresting the kind glance of a queen.

3. And yet, these momentary chances we covet ; and spend our years, and passions, and powers, in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ; — talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks, if we listen to them.

4. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day, not to grant audience, but to gain it, — kings and statesmen, lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our book-case shelves, — we make no account of that company ; perhaps, never listen to a word they would say, all day long !

5. You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably, of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this, — that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar ; but it is not so.

6. Suppose you never were to see their faces ; suppose you could be just behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to

advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men; — this station of audience, and honorable privy counsel, you despise!

7. But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings, — books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time.

8. The good book of the hour is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person with whom you cannot otherwise converse, printed for you. Very useful, often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant, often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be.

9. These bright accounts of travels, good-humored and witty discussions of questions, lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of a novel, firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history, — all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age. We

ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves, if we make no good use of them ; but we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books ; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

10. A book is essentially, not a talked thing, but a written thing ; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once ; if he could, he would ; the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India ; if you could, you would ; you write instead : that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it.

11. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly, and melodiously if he can ; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life, he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him ; this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize.

12. He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on rock, if he could ; saying, " This is the best of me ; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another ; my life was as the vapor, and is not ; but this I saw and knew ; this, if anything of mine, is worth

your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

13. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men; by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that; what you lose to-day, you cannot gain to-morrow?

14. Will you go and gossip with your house-maid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with kings and queens; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?

15. Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault. By your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take a high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

JOHN RUSKIN.

LXIX.—TOM BROWN'S LAST VISIT TO RUGBY.

1. In the summer of 1842, Tom Brown stopped once again at the well-known station; and leaving his bag and fishing-rod with a porter, walked slowly and sadly up towards the town. It was now July. He had rushed away from Oxford the moment that term was over, for a fishing ramble in Scotland, with two college friends, and had been for three weeks living on oatcake and mutton-hams in the wildest part of Skye.

2. They had descended one sultry evening on the little inn at Kyle Rhea ferry, and while Tom and another of the party put their tackle together and began exploring the stream for a sea-trout for supper, the third strolled into the house to arrange for their entertainment. Presently he came out in a loose blouse and slippers, a short pipe in his mouth, and an old newspaper in his hand, and threw himself on the heathery scrub which met the shingle, within easy hail of the fishermen.

3. There he lay, the picture of free-and-easy, loafing, hand-to-mouth young England, "improving his mind," as he shouted to them, by the perusal of the fortnight-old weekly paper, the legacy of the last traveler, which he had hunted out from the kitchen of the little hostelry, and being a youth of a communicative turn of mind, began imparting the contents to the fishermen as he went on.

4. "Hullo, Brown! here's something for you," called out the reading man. "Why, your old master, Arnold of Rugby, is dead."

Tom's hand stopped halfway in his cast, and his line and flies went all tangling round and round his rod; you might have knocked him over with a feather. Neither of his companions took any notice of him, luckily; and with a violent effort he set to work mechanically to disentangle his line. He felt completely carried off his moral and intellectual legs, as if he had lost his standing-point in the invisible world. Besides which, the deep-loving loyalty which he felt for his old leader made the shock intensely painful. It was the first great wrench of his life, the first gap which the angel Death had made in his circle, and he felt numbed, and beaten down, and spiritless.

5. Well, well! I believe it was good for him and for many others in like case; who had to learn by that loss that the soul of man cannot stand or lean upon any human prop, however strong, and wise, and good; but that He upon whom alone it can stand and lean will knock away all such props in his own wise and merciful way, until there is no ground or stay left but Himself, the Rock of Ages, upon whom alone a sure foundation for every soul of man is laid.

6. As he wearily labored at his line, the thought struck him, "It may all be false, a mere newspaper lie," and he strode up to the recumbent smoker.

"Let me look at the paper," said he.

"Nothing else in it," answered the other, handing it up to him listlessly. "Hullo, Brown! what's the matter, old fellow? ain't you well?"

"Where is it?" said Tom, turning over the leaves,

his hands trembling, and his eyes swimming, so that he could not read.

"What? What are you looking for?" said his friend, jumping up and looking over his shoulder.

"That — about Arnold," said Tom.

7. "Oh, here," said the other, putting his finger on the paragraph. Tom read it over and over again; there could be no mistake of identity, though the account was short enough.

"Thank you," said he at last, dropping the paper. "I shall go for a walk: don't you and Herbert wait supper for me." And away he strode, up over the moor at the back of the house, to be alone, and master his grief if possible.

8. His friend looked after him, sympathizing and wondering, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, walked over to Herbert. After a short parley they walked together up to the house.

"I'm afraid that confounded newspaper has spoiled Brown's fun this trip."

"How odd that he should be so fond of his old master!" said Herbert.

9. The two, however, notwithstanding Tom's prohibition, waited supper for him, and had everything ready when he came back some half an hour afterwards. But he could not join in their cheerful talk, and the party was soon silent, notwithstanding the efforts of all three. One thing only had Tom resolved, and that was that he couldn't stay in Scotland any longer; he felt an irresistible longing to get to Rugby, and then home; and

soon broke it to the others, who had too much tact to oppose.

10. By daylight the next morning Tom Brown was marching through Rosshire, and in the evening hit the Caledonian canal, took the next steamer, and traveled as fast as boat and railway could carry him to the Rugby station.

As he walked up to the town he felt shy and afraid of being seen, and took the back streets; why, he didn't know, but he followed his instinct. At the school-gates he made a dead pause; there was not a soul in the quadrangle — all was lonely, and silent, and sad. So with another effort he strode through the quadrangle, and into the school-house offices.

11. He found the little matron in her room, in deep mourning; shook her hand, tried to talk, and moved nervously about: she was evidently thinking of the same subject as he, but he couldn't begin talking.

"Where shall I find Thomas?" said he at last, getting desperate.

"In the servants' hall, I think, sir. But won't you take any refreshment?" said the matron, looking rather disappointed.

12. "No, thank you," said he, and strode off again to find the old verger, who was sitting in his little den as of old, puzzling over hieroglyphics.

He looked up through his spectacles, as Tom seized his hand and wrung it.

"Ah! you've heard all about it, sir, I see," said he.

Tom nodded, and then sat down on the shoe-board, *while the old man told his tale, and wiped his specta-*

cles, and fairly flowed over with quaint, homely, honest sorrow.

By the time he had done, Tom felt much better. "Where is he buried, Thomas?" said he at last.

13. "Under the altar in the chapel, sir," answered Thomas. "You'd like the key, I dare say."

"Thank you, Thomas — yes, I should very much." And the old man fumbled among his bunch of keys, and then got up, as though he would go with him; but after a few steps, stopped short and said, "Perhaps you'd like to go by yourself, sir?"

Tom nodded, and the keys were handed to him with an injunction to be sure and lock the door after him, and bring them back before eight o'clock.

14. He walked quickly through the quadrangle and out into the close. The longing which had been upon him and driven him thus far, like the gad-fly in the Greek legends, giving him no rest in mind or body, seemed all of a sudden not to be satisfied, but to shrivel, up, and pall. "Why should I go on? It's no use," he thought, and threw himself at full length on the turf, and looked vaguely and listlessly at all the well-known objects.

15. There were a few of the town-boys playing cricket, their wicket pitched on the best piece in the middle of the big-side ground, a sin equal to sacrilege in the eyes of a captain of the eleven. He was very nearly getting up to go and send them off. "Pshaw! they won't remember me. They've more right there than I," he muttered. And the thought that his scepter had departed,

and his mark was wearing out, came home to him for the first time, and bitterly enough.

16. He was lying on the very spot where he had fought six years ago his first and last battle. He conjured up the scene till he could almost hear the shouts of the ring, and his chum's whisper in his ear; and, looking across the close to the doctor's private door, half expected to see it open, and the tall figure in cap and gown come striding under the elm trees towards him.

17. No, no! that sight could never be seen again. There was no flag flying on the round tower; the school-house windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left of him whom he had loved and honored, was lying cold and still under the chapel floor. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it once for all. New men and new methods might do for other people; let those who would worship the rising star, he at least would be faithful to the sun which had set. And so he got up, and walked to the chapel door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his selfish sorrow.

18. He passed through the vestibule, and then paused for a moment to glance over the empty benches. His heart was still proud and high, and he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a sixth-form boy, and sat himself down there to collect his thoughts.

And, truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The memories of eight years were

all dancing through his brain, and carrying him about whither they would; while beneath them all his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head, and fell in gorgeous colors on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then leaning forward, with his head on his hands, groaned aloud.

19. "If he could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes, to have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed him, how he loved and revered him, and would, by God's help, follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away for ever without knowing it all, was too much to bear."

"But am I sure that he does not know it all?" — the thought made him start. "May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow — as I shall wish to have sorrowed when I meet him again?"

20. He raised himself up and looked round; and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how,

when a little boy, he used to try not to look through it at the elm trees and the rocks, before the painted glass came — and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the very name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak paneling.

21. And then came the thought of all his old school-fellows, and form after form of boys, nobler, and braver, and purer than he, rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling; they who had honored and loved from the first the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father?

22. Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar; and while tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

23. Here let us leave him — where better could we leave him, than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood? — at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond.

THOMAS HUGHES.

LXX.—THE PILGRIMS:

Here where the shore was rugged as the waves,
Where frozen nature dumb and leafless lay,
And no rich meadows bade the Pilgrims stay,
Was spread the symbol of the life that saves :
To conquer first the outer things ; to make
Their own advantage, unallied, unbound,
Their blood the mortar, building from the ground ;
Their care the statutes, making all anew ;
To learn to trust the many, not the few ;
To bend the mind to discipline ; to break
The bonds of old convention, and forget
The claims and barriers of class ; to face
A desert land, a strange and hostile race,
And conquer both to friendship by the debt,
That nature pays to justice, love, and toil.

Here on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
Began the kingdom, not of kings, but men ;
Began the making of the world again.
Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
A new world reached and raised an old-world link,
When English hands, by wider vision taught,
Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,
And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake.
Here struck the seed — the Pilgrim's roofless town —
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set ;
Where all the people equal-franchised met ;

Where doom was writ of privilege and crown ;
Where human breath blew all the idols down ;
Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were
 furled,
And common men began to own the world !

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



LXXI.—IN SIBERIA.

1. On the evening of the 6th of February, I left Irkutsk, and started on my lonely journey westward. Following the Russian custom, I had my baggage spread out over the bottom of the sleigh and covered with a quantity of straw. Placing over these a Japanese mattress and a number of fur robes, I secured a bed which was both soft and thick enough to deaden the shocks of rapid traveling over a rough road.

2. Several large pillows were placed at the back, to raise and support the shoulders and head, for the Russians have discovered that a half reclining posture is the most convenient in traveling, since every muscle is at rest, and yet the elevation of the head permits a view of the surrounding scenery.

3. Having learned by our rough experience in Tartary how necessary it is to clothe one's self in the manner which the natives of the country have found to be the best, I had taken every Russian precaution against the cold. Over a pair of thick and loose woollen trousers and a woollen shirt, I put on the close-fitting robe

worn by the peasants, reaching from the neck nearly to the ankles, and made of sheep-skin, with the wool inside, and, over this, a loose robe of the fur of the Arctic fox, with the hair also on the inner side.

4. My feet were encased in very loose boots made of felt, and reaching nearly to the knee. A Chinese skull-cap of felt, with fur lapels, protected the head and ears, while a long knitted comforter, covering the whole face below the eyes, after being crossed behind the neck and tied under the chin, protected the nose, throat, and lungs.

5. On getting into the sleigh, the traveler puts on, over all his other garments, a wrapper of deer-skin, with the hair outside to break the force of the wind, and furnished with loose sleeves and a collar, which, when raised, envelopes the head and face. Lying down, and putting his feet and legs in a large wolf-skin bag, he pulls over him a fur sleigh-robe which reaches nearly to the chin. He is now ready to defy the greatest severities of even a Siberian winter.

6. The cold, which had been increasing every day, seemed, on the first night out of Irkutsk, to have reached a more intense degree than I had yet experienced; and, before midnight, my hands and feet were nearly frozen. At the first station, I stuffed my boots with dry hay, and was fortunate enough to find a woman with an ample muff, which I bought for a few roubles, and found to be preferable to any gloves.

7. After this, during the whole journey, I never for a minute suffered from cold. The nose is always the

most difficult part of the body to protect; but, by pulling the comforter about an inch forward, and holding it there till it stiffens with the frozen breath, the whole face is kept warm by the heat of the breath.

8. Finding myself thoroughly defended against the severity of the weather, I now began to enjoy the wonderful night-scene which surrounded me. Three bounding horses carried the sleigh at almost railway speed over the road, dashing in rapid succession through groves of trees, through fields and forests, and over the hills and valleys of an uneven country, whose face was covered with a deep mantle of snow, rounding and softening all its outlines, and illuminating the whole scene with the tender light reflected from its pure surface. Overhead, the stars shone with flashing luster through an atmosphere whose purity is equaled only on the higher and dryer parts of the earth.

9. After a time, I allowed myself to yield to the call of the system for sleep, feeling that, protected as I was, there was no danger. On awakening, I was not a little startled at being unable to open my eyes. Feeling of the lids, I found them perfectly sensible, but the lashes were frozen together and to the edge of the comforter. After fruitless attempts to force them apart, I enveloped my head in the collar of the outer cloak, and gradually succeeded, by breathing, in raising the temperature sufficiently to thaw the icy chains. On looking at the thermometer, I found the mercury frozen, and even the brandy in my bottle had assumed an oily consistency.

10. At the station which we reached before sunrise,

I got out for breakfast. Having been warned of the impossibility of getting any decent food outside of two or three large cities, I had taken an abundant supply of tea, coffee, and sugar, and dinners for twenty-four days, in the shape of twenty-four plates of soup, each one frozen into a separate cake, and enough bread to last for several days.

11. Almost every Russian house owns an urn for boiling water, which is heated by charcoal in a tube extending from top to bottom. This is the only thing, excepting plates and glasses, and other rough table ware, that the traveler can count upon at Russian inns or, at least, in Siberia. The urn was heated, and, in a few minutes from the time of my arrival, I had made a sufficient breakfast on six or seven large glasses of tea and a couple of slices of dry bread.

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY.



LXXII.—LINES FROM THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

The toilworn cotter frae his labor goes, —

This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin stacher thro'
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee,
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking care beguile,
 An' make him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

* * * * *

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
 The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yout the hallan snugly chows her cood.

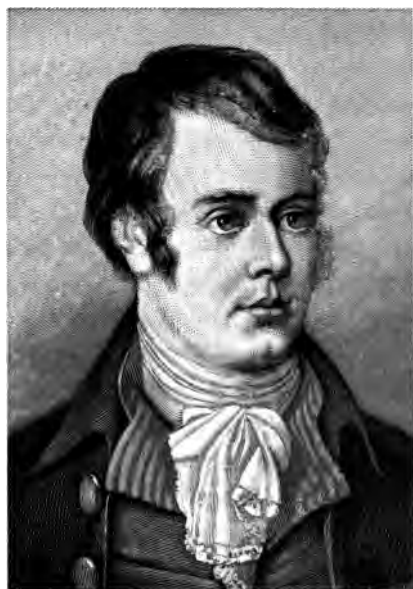
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The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace
 The big ha' bible, and his father's pride.

* * * * *

He wales a portion with judicious care
 And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays —
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing" —
 That thus they all shall meet in future days;
 There ever bask in uncreated rays
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.



ROBERT BURNS.



From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That make her loved at home, revered abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

ROBERT BURNS.



LXXIII.—AIR-MOTHERS.

1. Who are these who follow us softly over the moor
in the autumn evening? Their wings brush and rustle
in the fir-boughs, and they whisper before and
behind us, as if they called gently to each other, like
birds flocking homeward to their nests.

The woodpecker on the pine-stems knows them, and
laughs aloud for joy as they pass. The rooks above
the pasture know them, and wheel around and tumble
in their play.

2. The brown leaves on the oak trees know them,
and flutter faintly, and beckon as they pass. In the
chattering of the dry leaves, there is a meaning, and a
cry of weary things, longing for rest.

"Take us home, take us home, you soft air-mothers,
now our fathers, the sunbeams, are grown dull. Our
green summer beauty is all draggled, and our faces are
grown wan and thin; and the buds, the ungrateful
children whom we nourished, thrust us off from our
seats. Waft us down, you soft air-mothers, upon your
wings, to the quiet earth, that we may go to our home,
as all things go, and become air and sunlight once again."

3. The bold young fir-seeds know them, and rattle impatiently in their cones. "Blow more strongly, blow more fiercely, slow air-mothers, and shake us from our prisons of dead wood, that we may fly and spur away northeastward, each on his horny wing. We will dive like arrows through the heather, and drive our sharp beaks into the soil, and rise again, as green trees, toward the sunlight, and spread our lusty boughs."

4. They never think of what is coming to bring them low in the midst of their pride, — of the reckless axe which will fell them, and saws which will shape them into logs, and the trains which will roar and rattle over them, as they lie buried in the gravel of the way, till they are ground and rotted into powder, and dug up and flung upon the fire, as they, too, may return home, like all things, and become air and sunlight once again.

5. The air-mothers hear their prayers, and do their bidding; but faintly, for they themselves are tired and sad, and their garments are rent and worn. Ah! how different were those soft air-mothers, when, invisible to mortal eyes, they started on their long sky journey, five thousand miles across the sea.

6. Out of the blazing caldron which lies between the two New Worlds, they leaped up, when the great sun called them, in whirls and spouts of clear, hot steam, and rushed to the northward, while the whirling earth-ball whirled them east.

7. So northeastward they rushed aloft, across the gay West Indian Isles, leaving below the glitter of the flying-fish and the side-long eyes of cruel sharks; above

the cane-fields and the plantain gardens, and the cocoa-groves which fringe the shores; above the rocks which throbbed with earthquakes, and the peaks of old volcanoes, cinder-strewn; while, far beneath, the ghosts of their dead sisters hurried home upon the northeast breeze.

8. Wild deeds they did, as they rushed onward, and struggled and fought among themselves, up and down, and round and backward, in the fury of their blind, hot youth. They tired themselves by struggling with each other, and by tearing the heavy water into waves; and their wings grew clogged with sea-spray, and soaked more and more with steam.

9. At last, the sea grew cold beneath them, and their clear stream shrank to mist; and they saw themselves and each other wrapped in dull rain-laden clouds. Then they drew their white cloud garments around them, and veiled themselves for very shame; and said, "We have been wild and wayward; and, alas! our pure youth is gone. But we will do one good deed yet, before we die, and so we shall not have lived in vain. We will glide onward to the land, and weep there, and refresh all things with soft, warm rain, and make the grass grow, and the buds burst; we will quench the thirst of man and beast, and wash the soiled world clean."

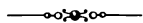
10. So they are wandering past us, the air-mothers, to weep the leaves into their graves; to weep the seeds into their seed-beds, and to weep the soil into the plains; to get the rich earth ready for the winter, and then creep northward to the ice-world, and there die.

But will they live again? Yes; they must live again. For all things move forever; and not even ghosts can rest.

11. The corpses of their sisters, piling on them from above, press them onward, press them southward toward the sun, once more, across the floes, and round the icebergs, — weeping tears of snow and sleet, — while men hear their wild, harsh voices, and shrink before their bitter breath. They know not that the cold, bleak snow-storms, as they hurtle from the black northeast, bear back the ghosts of the soft air-mothers, as penitents, to their father, the great sun.

12. But as they fly southward warm life thrills them, and they drop their loads of sleet and snow, and meet their young live sisters from the south, and greet them with flash and thunder-peal. Men call them the southwest wind, those air-mothers; and their ghosts, the northeast trade; and value them, and rightly, because they bear the traders out and back across the sea.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



LXXIV. — THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.

1. The great object of all knowledge is to enlarge and purify the soul, to fill the mind with noble contemplations, and to furnish a refined pleasure. Considering this as the ultimate end of science, no branch of it can surely claim precedence of astronomy. No other science

furnishes such a palpable embodiment of the abstractions which lie at the foundation of our intellectual system — the great ideas of time, and space, and extension, and magnitude, and number, and motion, and power.

2. How grand the conception of the ages on ages required for several of the secular equations of the solar system; of distances from which the light of a fixed star will not reach us in twenty millions of years; of magnitudes, compared with which the earth is but a football; of starry hosts, suns like our own, numberless as the sands on the shore; of worlds and systems shooting through the infinite spaces, with a velocity compared with which the cannon-ball is a way-worn, heavy-paced traveler!

3. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist.

4. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye, in the south; the

steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

5. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of dawn.

6. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

7. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I

am filled with amazement when I am told that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

8. But it is when we turn our observation and our thoughts from our own system to the systems which lie beyond it in the heavenly spaces, that we approach a more adequate conception of the vastness of creation. All analogy teaches us that the sun which gives light to us is but one of those countless stellar fires which deck the firmament, and that every glittering star in that shining host is the centre of a system, as vast and as full of subordinate luminaries as our own. Of these suns — centres of planetary systems — thousands are visible to the naked eye, millions are discovered by the telescope.

9. Sir John Herschel, in the account of his operations at the Cape of Good Hope, calculates that about five and a half millions of stars are visible enough to be *distinctly counted* in a twenty-foot reflector in both hemispheres. He adds, "That the actual number is much greater, there can be little doubt." His illustrious father estimated on one occasion, that one hundred and twenty-five thousand stars passed through the field of his forty-foot reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give twelve millions for the entire circuit of the heaven in a single telescopic zone; and this estimate was made under the assumption that the nebulæ were masses of luminous matter not yet condensed into suns.

10. These stupendous calculations, however, form but the first column of the inventory of the universe. Faint white specks are visible even to the naked eye of a practised observer in different parts of the heavens. Under high magnifying powers, several thousands of such spots are visible — no longer, however, faint white specks, but many of them resolved by powerful telescopes into vast aggregations of stars, each of which may with propriety be compared with the milky way of our system.

11. It may be thought that conceptions like these are calculated rather to depress than to elevate us in the scale of being; that, banished as he is by these contemplations to a corner of creation, and there reduced to an atom, man sinks to nothingness in this infinity of worlds. But a second thought corrects the impression. These vast contemplations are well calculated to inspire awe, but not abasement. Mind and matter are incommensurable. An immortal soul, even while clothed in this “muddy vesture of decay,” is, in the eye of God and reason, a purer essence than the brightest sun that lights the depths of heaven.

12. The organized human eye, instinct with life and spirit, which, gazing through the telescope, travels up to the cloudy speck in the handle of Orion’s sword, and bids it blaze forth into a galaxy as vast as ours, stands higher in the order of being than all that host of luminaries. The intellect of Newton, which discovered the law that holds the revolving worlds together, is a nobler work of God than a universe of universes of unthinking matter.

13. If we adopt the supposition that the countless planetary worlds which attend these countless suns are the abodes of rational beings like man, instead of bringing back from this exalted conception a feeling of insignificance, as if the individuals of our race were but poor atoms in the infinity of being, I regard it, on the contrary, as a glory of our human nature that it belongs to a family, which no man can number, of rational natures like itself. In the order of being they may stand beneath us, or they may stand above us ; *he* may well be content with his place who is made "a little lower than the angels."

EDWARD EVERETT.



LXXV.—CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

1. At eleven years old, left an orphan to the care of an excellent but unlettered mother, he grew up without learning. Of arithmetic and geometry he acquired just knowledge enough to be able to practice measuring land ; but all his instruction at school taught him not so much as the orthography or rules of grammar of his own tongue.

2. His culture was altogether his own work, and he was in the strictest sense a self-made man ; yet from his early life he never seemed uneducated. At sixteen he went into the wilderness as surveyor, and for three years continued the pursuit, where the forest trained him, in meditative solitude, to freedom and largeness

of mind ; and Nature revealed to him her obedience to serene and silent laws.

3. In his intervals from toil he seemed always to be attracted to the best men, and to be cherished by them. Fairfax, his employer, an Oxford scholar, already aged, became his fast friend. He read little, but with close attention. Whatever he took in hand, he applied himself to with care ; and his papers, which have been preserved, show how he almost imperceptibly gained the power of writing correctly ; always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity of language and grace.

4. Courage was so natural to him, that it was hardly spoken of to his praise : no one ever at any moment of his life discovered in him the least shrinking from danger ; and he had a hardihood of daring which escaped notice, because it was so enveloped by superior calmness and wisdom.

5. He was as cheerful as he was spirited ; frank and communicative in the society of friends ; fond of the fox-chase and the dance ; often sportive in his letters ; and liked a hearty laugh. This joyousness of disposition remained to the last, though the vastness of his responsibilities was soon to take from him the right of displaying the impulsive qualities of his nature, and the weight which he was to bear up was to overlay and repress his gaiety and openness.

6. His hand was liberal ; giving quietly and without observation, as though he were ashamed of nothing but being discovered in doing good. He was kindly and

compassionate, and of lively sensibility to the sorrows of others: so that, if his country had only needed a victim for its relief, he would have willingly offered himself as a sacrifice. But while he was prodigal of himself, he was considerate for others; ever parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen.

7. His faculties were so well balanced and combined, that his constitution, free from excess, was tempered evenly with all the elements of activity, and his mind resembled a well-ordered commonwealth: his passions, which had the intensest vigor, owned allegiance to reason; and, with all the fiery quickness of his spirit, his impetuous and massive will was held in check by consummate judgment. He had in his composition a calm which gave him, in moments of highest excitement, the power of self-control, and enabled him to excel in patience, even when he had most cause for disgust. Washington was offered a command when there was little to bring out the unorganized resources of the continent but his own influence, and authority was connected with the people by the most frail, most attenuated, scarcely discernible threads; yet, vehement as was his nature, impassioned as was his courage, he so restrained his ardor, that he never failed continuously to exert the attracting power of that influence, and never exerted it so sharply as to break its force.

8. His understanding was lucid, and his judgment accurate; so that his conduct never betrayed hurry or confusion. No detail was too minute for his personal inquiry and continued supervision; and at the same

time he comprehended events in their widest aspects and relations. He never seemed above the object that engaged his attention ; and he was always equal, without an effort, to the solution of the highest questions, even when there existed no precedents to guide his decision.

9. In this way he never drew to himself admiration for the possession of any one quality in excess ; never made in council any one suggestion that was sublime but impracticable ; never in action took to himself the praise or the blame of undertakings astonishing in conception, but beyond his means of execution. It was the most wonderful accomplishment of this man, that, placed upon the largest theater of events, at the head of the greatest revolution in human affairs, he never failed to observe all that was possible, and at the same time to bound his aspirations by that which was possible.

10. Profoundly impressed with confidence in God's providence, and exemplary in his respect for the forms of public worship, no philosopher of the eighteenth century was more firm in the support of freedom of religious opinion ; none more tolerant, or more remote from bigotry ; but belief in God, and trust in his overruling power, formed the essence of his character. Divine wisdom not only illumines the spirit, it inspires the will.

11. Washington was a man of action, and not of theory or words : his creed appears in his life, not in his professions, which burst from him very rarely, and only

at those great moments of crisis in the fortunes of his country, when Earth and Heaven seemed actually to meet, and his emotions became too intense for suppression; but his whole being was one continued act of faith in the eternal, intelligent, moral order of the Universe. Integrity was so completely the law of his nature, that a planet would sooner have shot from its sphere, than he have departed from his uprightness, which was so constant, that it often seemed to be almost impersonal.

12. They say of Giotto, that he introduced goodness into the art of painting: Washington carried it with him to the camp and the cabinet, and established a new criterion of human greatness. The purity of his will confirmed his fortitude; and, as he never faltered in his faith in virtue, he stood fast by that which he knew to be just; free from illusions; never dejected by the apprehension of the difficulties and perils that went before him; and drawing the promise of success from the justice of his cause. Hence he was persevering, leaving nothing unfinished; free from all taint of obstinacy in his firmness; seeking and gladly receiving advice, but immovable in his devotedness to right.

13. Of a "retiring modesty and habitual reserve," his ambition was no more than the consciousness of his power, and was subordinate to his sense of duty: he took the foremost place, for he knew, from inborn magnanimity, that it belonged to him, and he dared not withhold the service required of him: so that, with all his humility, he was by necessity the first, though never for himself or for private ends.

14. He loved fame, the approval of coming generations, the good opinion of his fellow-men of his own time ; and he desired to make his conduct coincide with their wishes : but not fear of censure, not the prospect of applause, could tempt him to swerve from rectitude ; and the praise which he coveted was the sympathy of that moral sentiment which exists in every human breast, and goes forth only to the welcome of virtue.

15. This also is the praise of Washington, that never in the tide of time has any man lived who had in so great a degree the almost divine faculty to command the confidence of his fellow-men, and rule the willing. Wherever he became known, in his family, his neighborhood, his county, his native State, the continent, the camp, civil life, the United States, among the common people, in foreign Courts, throughout the civilized world of the human race, and even among the savages, he, beyond all other men, had the confidence of his kind.

GEORGE BANCROFT.



LXXVI.—THE RESULTS OF WORK.

1. Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness ; and these are never to be attained without earnest work. It is impossible that a man shall be a drone, and go through life without a purpose which contemplates worthy results, and, at the same time, maintain his self-respect. No idle man, however rich

he may be, can feel the genuine independence of him who earns honestly and manfully his daily bread.

2. The idle man stands outside of God's plan, — outside the ordained scheme of things; and the truest self-respect, the noblest independence, and the most genuine dignity, are not to be found there. The man who does his part in life, who pursues a worthy end, and who takes care of himself, is the happy man. There is a great deal of cant afloat about the dignity of labor, uttered mostly, perhaps, by those who know little about it experimentally; but labor *has* a dignity which attaches to little else that is human.

3. To labor rightly and earnestly is to walk in the golden track that leads to God. It is to adopt the regimen of manhood and womanhood. It is to come into sympathy with the great struggle of humanity toward perfection. It is to adopt the fellowship of all the great and good the world has ever known. I suppose that all God's purposes in work are fulfilled in the completion of the discipline of the worker; and the results of work are doubtless laid under tribute for this end.

4. How wonderful a being is man, when viewed in the light of his achievements! It is in the record of these that we find the evidence of his power, and the credentials of his glory. Into the results of work each generation pours its life; and, as the results grow in excellence, with broader forms, and richer tints, and nobler meanings, they become the indexes of the world's progress. We estimate the life of a generation by what

it does ; and the results of its work stand out in advance of its successor, to show it what it can do, and to show it what it must do, to reach a finer consummation.

5. Thus Work, in her results, lifts each generation in the world's progress from step to step, shortening the ladder upon which the angels ascend and descend, and climbing by ever brighter and broader gradations toward the ultimate perfection. A new and more glorious gift of power compensates for each worthy expenditure ; so that it is by *work* that man carves his way to that measure of power which will fit him for his destiny, and leave him nearest God.

6. Hammer away, thou sturdy smith, at that bar of iron ! for thou art bravely forging thy own destiny. Weave on in glad content, industrious worker of the mill ! for thou art weaving cloth of gold, though thou seest not its luster. Plow and plant, and rear and reap, ye tillers of the soil ! for those brown acres of yours are pregnant with nobler fruitage than that which hung in Eden. Let Commerce fearlessly send out her ships ; for there is a haven where they will arrive at last, with freighted wealth below, and flying streamers above, and jubilant crews between. Working well for the minor good and the chief good of life, you shall win your way to the great consummation, and find in your hands the golden key that will open for you the riddle of your history.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

LXXVII. — GENIUS AND SENSE.

1. What the painter wants, in addition to, and as the complement of other elements, is genius and sense; what the doctor needs to crown and give worth and safety to his accomplishments, is sense and genius: in the first case, more of this, than of that; in the second, more of that, than of this.

2. And what is genius? and what is sense? Genius is a peculiar native aptitude, or tendency, to any one calling or pursuit over all others. A man may have a genius for governing, for killing, or for curing the greatest number of men, and in the best possible manner: a man may have a genius for the fiddle, or for the tight-rope or the jew's-harp; or it may be a natural turn for seeking, and finding, and teaching truth, and for doing the greatest possible good to mankind; or it may be a turn equally natural for seeking, and finding, and teaching a lie, and doing the maximum of mischief. It was as natural, as inevitable, for Wilkie to develop himself into a painter, and into such a painter as we know him to have been, as it is for an acorn when planted to grow up into an oak.

3. But genius, and nothing else, is not enough, even for a painter; he must likewise have sense; and what is sense? *Sense* drives, or ought to drive, the coach; sense regulates, combines, restrains, commands, all the rest — even the genius; and sense implies exactness and soundness, power and promptitude of mind.

4. But it may be asked, how are the brains to be

strengthened, the sense quickened, the genius awakened, the affections raised — the whole man turned to the best account? You must invigorate the containing and sustaining mind, you must strengthen him from within, as well as fill him from without; you must discipline, nourish, edify, relieve, and refresh his entire nature; and how?

5. Encourage not merely the book knowledge, but the personal pursuit of natural history, of field botany, of geology, of zoölogy; give the young, fresh, unforgetting eye exercise and free scope upon the infinite diversity and combination of natural colors, forms, substances, surfaces, weights, and sizes. Give young students everything, in a word, that will educate their eye or ear, their touch, taste, and smell, their sense of muscular resistance; encourage them to make models, preparations, and collections of any natural objects; and, above all, try and get hold of their affections, and make them put their hearts into their work. Let them be drilled in composition; by this we mean the writing and spelling of correct, plain English — a matter not of every-day occurrence, — let them be encouraged in the use of a wholesome and manly literature.

6. But one main help is to be found in studying, and by this we do not mean the mere reading, but the digging into and through, the energizing upon, and mastering the best books. Taking up a book and reading a chapter of lively, manly sense, is like taking a game at cricket or a run to the top of Arthur Seat. Exertion quickens your pulse, expands your lungs, makes your

blood warmer and redder, fills your mouth with the pure waters of relish, strengthens and supplies your legs; and though on your way to the top you may encounter rocks and baffling débris, just as you will find in serious and honest books difficulties and puzzles; still you are rewarded at the top by a wide view. You see as from a tower the end of all. You see the clouds, the bright lights and the everlasting hills on the far horizon. You come down the hill a happier, a better, and a hungrier man, and of a better mind.

7. But, as we said, you must eat the book, you must crush it, and cut it with your teeth and swallow it; just as you must walk up, and not be carried up the hill, much less imagine you are there, or look upon a picture of what you would see were you up, however accurately or artistically done; no — you yourself must *do* both. He who has obtained any amount of knowledge is not truly wise unless he appropriates and can use it for his need.

DR. JOHN BROWN.



LXXVIII. — THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,

And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven, —
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall ;

Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel hands to valor given ;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

LXXIX. — THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

1. You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes.

2. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

3. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

4. What does he find — let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

5. He finds his house in ruins, his farms devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

6. What does he do — this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plough, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

7. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

HENRY GRADY.

LXXX.—TWO KINDS OF PHILOSOPHY.

1. The elder Daniel now stroked his forehead, and, looking mildly but seriously at the boy, addressed him thus:—

“Daniel, there are two sorts of men in all ranks and ways of life, the wise and the foolish; and there are a great many degrees between them. That some foolish people have called themselves philosophers, and some wicked ones, and some who were out of their wits, is just as certain as that persons of all these descriptions are to be found among all conditions of men.

2. “Philosophy, Daniel, is of two kinds; that which relates to conduct, and that which relates to knowledge. The first teaches us to value all things at their real worth, to be contented with little, modest in prosperity, patient in trouble, equal-minded at all times. It teaches us our duty to our neighbors and ourselves. It is the wisdom of which King Solomon speaks in our rhyme-book.

3. “The philosophers of whom you have read in the Dictionary possessed this wisdom only in part, because they were heathens, and therefore could see no further than the light of mere reason sufficed to show the way. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and they had not that to begin with. So the thoughts which ought to have made them humble produced pride; and so far their wisdom proved but folly. The humblest Christian who learns his duty, and performs it as well as he can, is wiser than they. He does nothing to be

seen of men; and that was their motive for most of their actions.

4. "Now for the philosophy which relates to knowledge. Knowledge is a brave thing. I am a plain, ignorant, untaught man, and know my ignorance. But it is a brave thing, when we look around us in this wonderful world, to understand something of what we see; to know something of the earth on which we move, the air which we breathe, and the elements whereof we are made; to comprehend the motions of the moon and stars, and measure the distances between them, and compute times and seasons; to observe the laws which sustain the Universe by keeping all things in their courses; to search into the mysteries of Nature, and discover the hidden virtue of plants and stones, and read the signs and tokens which are shown us, and make out the meaning of hidden things, and apply all this to the benefit of our fellow-creatures.

5. "Wisdom and knowledge, Daniel, make the difference between man and man; and that between man and beast is hardly greater.

"These things do not always go together. There may be wisdom without knowledge, and there may be knowledge without wisdom. A man without knowledge, if he walk humbly with his God, and live in charity with his neighbors, may be wise unto salvation. A man without wisdom may not find his knowledge avail him quite so well. But it is he who possesses both that is the true philosopher. The more he knows, the more he is desirous of knowing; and yet, the further he ad-

vances in knowledge, the better he understands how little he can attain; and the more deeply he feels that God alone can satisfy the infinite desires of the immortal soul. To understand this is the height and perfection of philosophy."

6. Then, opening the Bible which lay before him, he read these verses from the Proverbs:—

"My son, if thou wilt receive my words,—so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest after her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of His Saints. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path. When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul; discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee: to deliver thee from the way of the evil."

7. "Daniel, my son," after a pause he pursued, "thou art a diligent good lad. God hath given thee a tender and a dutiful heart; keep it so, and it will be a wise one, for thou hast the beginning of wisdom. I wish thee to pursue knowledge, because in pursuing it happiness will be found by the way. If I have said

anything now which is above thy years, it will come to mind in after-time, when I am gone perhaps, but when thou mayst profit by it. God bless thee, my child !”

a. He stretched out his right hand at these words, and laid it gently upon the boy’s head. What he said was not forgotten ; and throughout life the son never thought of that blessing without feeling that it had taken effect.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



LXXXI.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true indeed that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there’s a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms ; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the Declaration ? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his life and his own honor ? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance ? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws ?

2. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we mean to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives?

3. I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago in this place moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

4. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain

that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence than consent, by repealing her Acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, Sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

5. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

6. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British King, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this Declaration at the head of the army ; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit ; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls ; proclaim it there ; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon ; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

7. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die ; die, colonists ; die, slaves ; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so ; be it so ! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

8. But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious,

an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

9. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it: and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.



LXXXII.—CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;

Abides by this resolve and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care ;

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed (miserable train !),
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence and their good receives ;
By objects which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling rendered more compassionate ;
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more ; more able to endure
As more exposed to suffering and distress,
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill
(And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest),
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows ;

Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand

On honorable terms or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim,
And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait
For wealth or honors or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all ;

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment in which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need ;

He who, though thus indued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.

'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity—
And with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won!
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed;

Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause!
This is THE HAPPY WARRIOR—this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



LXXXIII.—WEBSTER DEFENDING HIS ALMA MATER.

1. Mr. Webster went on for more than four hours with a statement so luminous, and a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood, and yet approaching so nearly

to absolute demonstration, that he seemed to carry with him every man of his audience without the slightest effort or uneasiness on either side. A single circumstance will show you the clearness and absorbing power of his argument.

2. I observed that Judge Story, at the opening of the case, had prepared himself, pen in hand, as if to take copious minutes. Hour after hour I saw him fixed in the same attitude, but, so far as I could perceive, with not a note on his paper. The argument closed, and I could not discover that he had taken a single note. Others around me remarked the same thing; and it was among the *on dits* of Washington, that a friend spoke to him of the fact with surprise, when the Judge remarked, "Everything was so clear, and so easy to remember, that not a note seemed necessary, and, in fact, I thought little or nothing about my notes."

3. The argument ended, Mr. Webster stood for some moments silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Justice, he proceeded thus:

"This, Sir, is my case. It is the case, not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in the land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout our country,—of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors, to alleviate human misery, and scatter blessings along the pathway of life. It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped; for the ques-

tion is simply this: Shall our State Legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends or purposes as they in their discretion shall see fit?

4. "Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But, if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those greater lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land!

5. "It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it" —

Here, the feelings, which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down, broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears, his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. I will not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the privations and trials through which he had made his way into life. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in words and tears.

6. The court-room during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief-Justice

Marshall, with his tall and gaunt figure bent over, as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheek expanded with emotion, and his eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington at his side,—with his small and emaciated frame, and countenance more like marble than I ever saw on any other human being,—leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the court, at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, towards a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench, to catch each look and every movement of the speaker.

7. If a painter could give us the scene on canvas,—those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster as he there stood in the midst,—it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. One thing it taught me, that the *Pathetic* depends not merely on the words uttered, but still more on the estimate we put upon him who utters them. There was not one among the strong-minded men of that assembly, who could think it unmanly to weep, when he saw standing before him the man, who had made such an argument, melted into the tenderness of a child.

8. Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and, fixing his keen eye on the Chief-Justice, said, in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience,—

“Sir, I know not how others may feel” (glancing at the opponents of the college before him), “but, for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like

Cæsar in the Senate-house, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me, and say, *Et tu quoque, mi fili!* And thou too, my son!"

He sat down. There was a death-like stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself, and coming gradually back to his ordinary range of thought and feeling.

CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH.



LXXXIV. — SONNETS.

I.

TO ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Last of a stalwart time and race gone by,
That simple, stately, God-appointed band,
Who wrought alone to glorify their land.
With lives built high on truth's eternity
While placemen plot, while flatterers fawn or lie,
And foul corruptions, wave on wave, expand,
I see thee rise, stainless of heart as hand,
O man of Roman thought and radiant eye!

Through thy frail form, there burn divinely strong
The antique virtues of a worthier day.
Thy soul is golden, if thy head be gray,
No years can work that lofty nature wrong;
They set to concords of ethereal song
A life grown holier on its heavenward way.

II.

'OCTOBER.'

The passionate summer's dead! the sky's aglow
With roseate flushes of matured desire;
The winds at eve are musical and low
As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre,
Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,
Whose pomp in grand procession upward grows,
With gorgeous blazonry of funereal shows,
To celebrate the summer's past renown.
Ah, me! how regally the heavens look down,
O'ershadowing beautiful autumnal woods,
And harvest-fields with hoarded incense brown,
And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,
That lift their solemn dirges to the sky,
To swell the purple pomp that floateth by.

PAUL H. HAYNE.



LXXXV.—MY UNCLE TOBY.

1. Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor, sick lieutenant." "Is he in the army, then?" said my uncle Toby. "He is," said the corporal. "And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby. "I'll tell your honor," replied the corporal,

"everything straight forwards, as I learned it." "Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again."

2. "I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor about the lieutenant and his son; for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked" — "That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby — "I was answered, an' please your honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.

3. "'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence,' said the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.'

4. "I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. 'I believe,

sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' 'I am sure,' said I, 'his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears." "Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby; "he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here."

5. "When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar"—"and thou mightst have added, my purse, too," said my uncle Toby—"he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor), but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up stairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I, as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.'

6. "When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.'

7. "When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with

his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside.

8. “‘If you are Captain Shandy’s servant,’ said he, ‘you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy’s thanks along with them, for his courtesies to me. If he was of Levens’s,’ said the lieutenant. I told him your honor was. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but ’tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus’s; but he knows me not,’ said he, a second time, musing; ‘possibly he may know my story,’ added he.

9. “‘Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.’ ‘I remember the story, an’t please your honor,’ said I, ‘very well.’ ‘Do you so?’ said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. I could stay no longer; so wished his honor a good-night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But alas!” said the corporal, “the lieutenant’s last day’s march is over!” “Then what is to become of his poor boy?” cried my uncle Toby.

10. "Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim : in the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself."

11. "Your honor knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders." "True," quoth my uncle Toby ; "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man. In the second place, — for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby, — "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim ; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim ; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."

12. "He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world," said the corporal. "He *will* march," said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. "An' please your honor," said the corporal, "he will never march but to his grave." "He *shall* march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot

which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, "he *shall* march to his regiment." "He cannot stand it," said the corporal. "He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby. "He'll drop at last," said the corporal, "and what will become of his boy?" "He *shall not* drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly. "A-well-a-day! do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die." "*He shall not die*," cried my uncle Toby.

13. The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids; and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did; how he had rested in the night; what was his complaint; where was his pain; and what he could do to help him; and, without giving him time to answer any one of these inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

14. "You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary; and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

15. There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it, which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that, before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.

16. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that *ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered — stopped — went on — throbbed — stopped again — moved — stopped. — Shall I go on? No.

LAURENCE STERNE.



LXXXVI. — AN EVENING REVERY.

The summer day is closed, — the Sun is set:
Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig

Has spread its plaited tissues to the Sun ;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And wither'd ; seeds have fall'n upon the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection.

Insects from the pools
Have fill'd the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever ; painted moths
Have wander'd the blue sky, and died again ;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest
Plumed for their earliest flight.

In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasp'd with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the throng'd city, have been hollow'd out,
And fill'd, and closed.

This day hath parted friends
That ne'er before were parted ; it hath knit
New friendships ; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had woo'd ; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine !

One glad day
Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and, as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time, — for ye are one! —
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth th' eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarn'd.

Who next, of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men,
Which who can bear? or the fierce rack of pain, —
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?

Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me ?

O ! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that dread threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings ? Gently, — so have good men taught, —
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new ; th' eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of Heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



LXXXVII. — THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

1. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth-of-gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days



T. B. MACAULAY.



when the foundations of our Constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely House of Oude.

2. The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet.

3. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire,

grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

4. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant



society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

5. The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

6. But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, space had been fitted up with green benches, and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress.

The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity.

7. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham.

8. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguished themselves in life are *still* contending for prizes and fellowships at college,

he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a good age which has passed away. But those who, within the last few years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone upon the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty elegance of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

T. B. MACAULAY.



LXXXVIII.—APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain,
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments, which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike th' Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou ;
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow ;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sublime, —
The image of Eternity, — the throne
Of the Invisible : even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made : each zone
Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers, — they to me
 Were a delight ; and, if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, t'was a pleasing fear ;
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, — as I do here.

BYRON.



LXXXIX.—IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS
 FINISHED.

1. My Lords, I have done ; the part of the Commons is concluded. With a trembling solicitude we consign this product of our long, long labors to your charge. Take it ! — take it ! It is a sacred trust. Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to any human tribunal.

2. My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor, that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime, that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare

which we have carried on with the crimes, with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought at your Lordships' bar for the last seven years. My Lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation.

3. A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of Nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My Lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less become the concern of posterity, — if we are yet to hope for such a thing, in the present state of the world, as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity: but this is in the hands of the great Disposer of events; it is not ours to settle how it shall be.

4. My Lords, your House yet stands, — it stands as a great edifice; but let me say that it stands in the midst of ruins, — in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation, — that which existed

before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself: I mean justice,—that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or accuser before the great Judge.

5. My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved. And if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen; if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates who supported their thrones, may you, in those moments, feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

6. My Lords, there is a consolation, — and a great consolation it is! — which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity. It often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. I do not like to go for instances a great way back into antiquity. I know very well that length of time operates so as to give an air of the fabulous to remote events, which lessens the interest and weakens the application of examples. I wish to come nearer the present time.

7. Your Lordships know and have heard (for which of us has not known and heard?) of the Parliament of Paris. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great Court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its constitution, even to its fall. The Parliament of Paris, my Lords, WAS; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream! It fell, pierced by the sword of the Comte de Mirabeau. And yet I will say that that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. Though he had himself smarted under its lash, as every one knows who knows his history, (and he was elevated to dreadful notoriety in history,) yet, when he pronounced the death-sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered.

8. A great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body! And never was an eulogy pronounced upon a body more deserved. They were persons, in nobility of rank, in amplitude of fortune, in weight of authority, in depth of learning, inferior to few of those that hear me. My Lords, it was but the other day that they submitted their necks to the axe; but their honor was unwounded. Their enemies, the



ALFRED TENNYSON.



persons who sentenced them to death, were lawyers full of subtlety, they were enemies full of malice ; yet, lawyers full of subtlety, and enemies full of malice, as they were, they did not dare to reproach them with having supported the wealthy, the great, and powerful, and of having oppressed the weak and feeble, in any of their judgments, or of having perverted justice, in any one instance whatever, through favor, through interest, or cabal.

9. My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall ! But if you stand,—and stand I trust you will, together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom,—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power ! May you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue ! May you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants ! May you stand the refuge of afflicted nations ! May you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice !

EDMUND BURKE.



XC. — ALBERT THE GOOD.

Indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
“Who revered his conscience as his king,
Whose glory was redressing human wrong,
Who spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it,

Who loved one only, and who claved to her — ”
Her — over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world.

We have lost him, he is gone.
We know him now ; all narrow jealousies
Are silent ; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits and how tenderly ;
Not swaying to this faction or to that ;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure ; but thro’ all this tract of years,
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot.

For where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more sustained than his ?
Or how should England dreaming of *his* sons
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her kings to be ?
Laborious for her people and her poor —
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day,
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste

To fruitful strifes of rivalries and peace,
 Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
 Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
 Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed
 Beyond all titles, and a household name,
 Hereafter, thro' all time, Albert the Good.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



XCI. — WISDOM.

Human wisdom is the aggregate of all human experience, constantly accumulating and selecting and reorganizing its own materials.

JOSEPH STORY.

These are the signs of a wise man: to reprove nobody, to praise nobody, to blame nobody, nor even to speak of himself or his own merits.

EPICTETUS.

People always fancy that we must become old to become wise; but, in truth, as years advance it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were.

GOETHE.

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life, — in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do as well as to talk, and to make our words and our actions all of a color.

SENECA.

The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.

SURGEON.

In seeking wisdom thou art wise ; in imagining thou
hast attained it, thou art a fool.

RABBI BEN AMI.

Wisdom is the health of the soul.

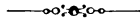
VICTOR HUGO.

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test,
And he's of men most wise who bears them best.

CUMBERLAND.

Teach a man to read and write, and you have put
into his hands the great keys of the wisdom-box.

HUXLEY.



XCII. — WEALTH.

1. Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world unless he not only pays his debt, but also adds something to the common wealth. Nor can he do justice to his genius, without making some larger demand on the world than a bare subsistence. He is by constitution expensive, and needs to be rich.

The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor spirited, and cannot serve any one; it must husband its resources to live. But health or fullness answers its own ends, and has to spare, runs over, and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's lives.

2. The craft of the merchant is in bringing a thing from where it abounds to where it is costly. When the farmer's peaches are taken from under the tree and carried into town, they have a new look, and a hundred-fold value over the fruit which grew on the same bough, and lies fulsomely on the ground.

3. Wealth begins in a tight roof that keeps out the rain and wind; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes, so as to change your dress when you are wet; in dry sticks to burn; in a good double-wick lamp and three meals; in a horse and locomotive to cross the land; in books to read; and so in giving on all sides, by tools and auxiliaries, the greatest possible extension to our powers, as if it yielded feet and eyes and blood, length to the day, and knowledge and good-will.

4. Wealth begins with these articles of necessity. And here we must recite the iron law, which Nature thunders in these northern climates. First she requires that each man should feed himself. If, happily, his fathers have left him no inheritance, he must go to work, and by making his wants less, or his gains more, he must draw himself out of that state of pain and insult in which she forces the beggar to live.

She gives him no rest till this is done. Then, less peremptorily, she urges him to the acquisition of such things as belong to him. Every warehouse and shop-window, every fruit tree, every thought of every hour, opens a new want to him, which it concerns his power and dignity to gratify.

It is of no use to argue the wants down; the philosophers have laid the greatness of man in making his wants few; but will a man content himself with a hut and a handful of dried pease? He is born to be rich.

5. Kings are said to have long arms, but every man should have long arms, and should pluck his living, his instruments, his powers, and his knowing, from sun, moon, and stars.

Is not, then, the demand to be rich legitimate? Yet I have never seen a rich man. I have never seen a man as rich as all men ought to be, or with an adequate command of nature.

6. Man was born to be rich, or inevitably grows rich by the use of his opportunities, by the union of thought with nature. Property is an intellectual production. The game requires coolness, right reasoning, promptness, and patience in the players.

An infinite number of shrewd men, in infinite years, have arrived at certain best and shortest ways of doing, and this accumulated skill constitutes the worth of our world today.

R. W. EMERSON.



XCIH — ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour, —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
Their pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree :
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway-path we saw him borne.
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery, all he had, a tear, —
He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.



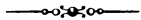
XCIV. — THE STIRRUP CUP.

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare ;
Look how compounded, with what care !
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats and Gautama excellent,
Omar Khayyam and Chaucer bright
And Shakespeare for a king delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt ;
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt ;
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me ;
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

SIDNEY LANIER.



XCV. — PERSEVERANCE.

Every man who observes vigilantly, and resolves
steadfastly, grows unconsciously into genius.

BULWER-LYTTON.

Life affords no higher pleasure than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes and seeing them gratified. He that labors in any great and laudable undertaking has his fatigues first supported by hope and afterwards rewarded by joy.

DR. JOHNSON.

Those who would attain to any marked degree of excellence in a chosen pursuit must work, and work hard for it, prince or peasant.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I'm proof against the word "failure." I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.

STEELE.

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly towards one object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated?

He who distrusts the security of chance takes more pains to effect the safety which results from labor. To find what you seek in the road of life, the best proverb of all is that which says, "Leave no stone unturned."

BULWER-LYTTON.

XCVI.—THE FUNERAL OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCENE. — *The Forum in Rome. Present, ANTONY and a throng of Citizens, with CÆSAR's body.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes up.*

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :
We're bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears :

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones :

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —

For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am, to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ? —
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.*

Has he not, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar, —
I found it in his closet, — 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's
will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, — Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down. [*He comes down.*]

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring! stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony! — most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back; room! bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a Summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, —
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep! and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be reveng'd.

Citizens. Revenge, — about, — seek, — burn, — fire, —
kill, — slay, — let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with
him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do't; they're wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

• I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will!—let's stay, and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O, royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never.—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : — Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

SHAKESPEARE.



XCVII.—THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

The heavens declare the glory of God ;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language ;
Their voice cannot be heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it :
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
The law of the LORD is perfect, restoring the soul ;
The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the
simple.

The precepts of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever:

The judgments of the LORD are true, *and* righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

In keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can discern *his* errors?

Clear thou me from hidden *faults*.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*;

Let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be perfect,

And I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,

O LORD, my rock, and my redeemer.

BIBLE — REVISED VERSION.

APPENDIX.

CERTAIN points may properly be questioned upon at each lesson. The minds of the pupils will thus be led into natural inquiry upon them, which will be of service in all later reading.

To economize space these are summarized here.

1. What is the name of the lesson? Does it indicate the subject-matter or point?

2. Who wrote it? What can you tell of the author, or his writings? When and in what country did he live?

(If not otherwise indicated in the notes, the nationality may be supposed to be American.)

3. What is the style of the extract? If in prose, is it that of a *sketch, story, essay, lecture, treatise, oration*, etc.? If in poetry, is it *epic, ballad, lyric, dramatic, elegiac*?—in *stanzas* or *blank verse*? What use is made of *rhyme* or *rhythm*? How many *measures* to the line?

(Definition of these points may be sought in the dictionary, if no school text-book contains them.)

4. What is the purpose or aim of the writing?—to *instruct, entertain, amuse, inspire with enthusiasm, persuade*, etc.?

5. Is there anything to note in the *diction*?—choice and use of words, phrases, allusions?

Select from ten to twenty words for definition, and also those most liable to be mispronounced.

If time is given for preparation of the lesson, a selection from these topics may be made for questioning at the beginning of the recitation. Where this is not the habit, a brief review may be taken at the succeeding recitation. The following notes concern the authorship of the selections chiefly, it being thought wise to throw pupils upon the use of the dictionary for points of definition and pronunciation.

Lesson 1. — By ALEX. E. FRYE. Besides *Brook Basins*, from which this extract is made, this author has written *The Child and Nature* and other geographical works. Note the intensity of style, the graphic picturing of the storm. What tense of the verb is used throughout the description? What instances of *personification* may be found?

Lesson 2. — By REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, English (1819–1875): known to young people as the author of *The Water Babies*, *The Greek Heroes*, *Madame How* and *Lady Why*; to older ones, through *Alton Locke*, *Westward Ho!* etc.

Feigning a broken wing when pursued is a characteristic of the pewit. (See Par. 5.)

Lesson 3. — PLUTARCH: a Greek prose writer of the latter part of the first century A.D. His biographies, especially his *Parallels*, between famous Greeks and Romans, form a part of a classical education. In the English translation they are excellent reading.

A *talent* is variously estimated; its value is not far from thirteen hundred dollars.

State in your own words the points the story makes upon the management of the afterward famous horse Bucephalus.

Lesson 4. — NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Salem, Mass. (1804–1864). See portrait. Author of *Wonder Stories*, *Tanglewood*, and *Twice-told Tales* (juveniles); and *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Scarlet Letter*, prominent works of fiction.

The style of this extract is called *soliloquy*. It is designedly boastful.

In perpetuity, *all and sundry*, are legal phrases. Note the reference to the New England town-meeting and muster of troops.

Lesson 5. — JOHN G. WHITTIER (1807–), Haverhill, Mass. See portrait. Keen love of nature, fine feeling, and sympathy with the oppressed of every land have made Whittier the most widely read of American poets.

Snow Bound is one of the finest picture poems in the English language. Many of Whittier's lyrics and ballads should be familiarly known.

Lesson 6. — D. H. MONTGOMERY is known as the author of a historical series and as editor of a number of classic authors.

A historical selection is to be read for a quick comprehension of facts and relations, and a ready recollection. Review the lessons from *memory*.

Lesson 7. — Commit to memory.

Lesson 8. — Commit to memory.

Lessons 9, 10. — The interest of Maxcy's *Eulogy* centres in PATRICK HENRY, the author of the following lesson. Henry was a lawyer and statesman (1736–1799), for several terms governor of Virginia. Name any of his compatriots.

Lesson 11. — EDWARD EVERETT: statesman, orator, and scholar. Boston (1794–1865).

Bunker Hill Monument, 221 feet high, was erected between 1825 and 1843. What does it commemorate? Instance different kinds of *utility*.

Lesson 12. — The seven preceding lessons are devoted to patriotism, and are here given to keep alive the sentiment, and also as examples for training in expression. See Introduction.

In the present lesson, simple incident requires a different voice and treatment. The name of Mrs. HELEN HUNT JACKSON (1830–1885) is revered by older readers for her labor in behalf of the Indian. *Ramona*, a story, and *A Century of Dishonor* were written to express their wrongs. *Bits of Talk* and *Bits of Travel* and several juveniles are her best known works. She has also written in verse.

Lesson 13. — JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891), Cambridge, Mass. See portrait. Lowell is one of the most distinguished American authors and poets.

Read selections (any library will furnish material) from *The Biglow Papers*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *Summer and Winter*, *Auf Wiedersehen*, etc.

This selection is an example of the use of *contrast* for rhetorical effect.

Lesson 14. — BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Boston and Philadelphia (1706–1790): philosopher, statesman, patriot. His autobiography, from which this selection is made, should be read by every young person.

Lesson 15. — From NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S *Grandfather's Chair*. (See note on Lesson 4, and portrait.) A composition on currency would be an appropriate outgrowth of this story.

Lesson 16.—Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813–1887): a celebrated American preacher, a natural orator and gifted writer, an earnest patriot.

Summarize the points of this lesson.

Lesson 17.—WILLIAM O. STODDARD: a writer of juvenile fiction for boys of the present day. This selection is abridged from *Two Arrows*. His *Life of Abraham Lincoln* is finely written,—a good book for boys and girls of this grade.

Lesson 18.—Quaint picturing of the customs of colonial times gives interest to this poem. (See note on Lesson 5.)

Lesson 19.—What have you read by this author? Write short essays on flowers in this style.

Lesson 20.—JOHN BURROUGHS (1837–) is an attractive writer and journalist. See also *Pepacton, Locusts and Wild Honey*.

Lesson 21.—Sir WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832), Scotland: a celebrated novelist and poet. This selection is from *Marmion*, a poem in six cantos. *The Lady of the Lake* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* should be read by the young.

The Talisman, Ivanhoe, The Heart of Midlothian, are among Scott's many works of fiction. See portrait, page 240.

Lesson 22.—*The Swedish Battle Song* should be committed to memory as a picture of sublime trust in God. It was written by Gustavus Adolphus, and sung by his troops just before the famous battle of Blutzen. It has been translated by Michael Altenburg.

Lesson 23.—*Pilgrim's Progress*, from which this lesson is taken, was written by JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688), England. It is an allegory of the Christian life. "Doubting Castle" represents unbelief; the giant, "Despair," with his wife and adviser, "Distrust," rule over it. Trace the steps from choosing an "easier way" to the threatened ruin which Christian seems barely to escape.

Lesson 24.—Interest always attaches to *discoveries*. That of the North Cape was one of the first in the Arctic regions.

What was the time of King Alfred? Observe what was counted *wealth* and *distinction*.

The author of the poem is HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882), Cambridge; one of the great American poets. Another selection will be given in a later lesson. See portrait.

Lesson 25.— This picture of Autumn is a beautiful study in *color*. Its author, Mrs. JACKSON, has been referred to (see Lesson 12). Scales of color may easily be prepared and the names located, which every one should know. This is work for the girls of a class chiefly.

Lesson 26.— To be memorized. WILLIAM COLLINS, an English poet (1721–1759).

Lesson 27.— These Memorial Day stanzas were written in the interest of harmony of feeling between different sections of our own country. The “judgment day” must not be interpreted narrowly. It may be thought of as the day of impartial justice and the righting of all wrong judgments.

Lesson 28.— This selection from *Ethics for Young People* is by Rev. C. C. Everett.

Lesson 29.— True Wisdom. To be committed by sections of the class, and recited from memory, consecutively. It is one of the masterpieces of ancient literature.

Lesson 30.— This selection is from CHARLES DICKENS, one of the most popular of English novelists (1830–1885). It can only be well rendered by being thoroughly appreciated in its humor, in its warmth of family feeling, and in its expression of the Spirit of Christmas. *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Christmas Stories*, etc., should be the earliest read of his novels.

Lesson 31.— THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800–1859), England: statesman, historian, and poet. In the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, from which this lesson is drawn, he represents the times, thoughts, and ways of the people he introduces. All of them are well known in early Roman history.

Lesson 32.— The style of this selection represents that of the times and people it pictures. Locate Rome, Greece, Syria, Macedonia, Persia, all of which have been named in this and preceding lessons. Learn also to locate in *time* the events recorded.

Lesson 33.— What lessons in this course of reading have especially encouraged close observation? This one pictures the persistent observation of nature, which is called study. Compare the study of a specimen with that of a record of facts and indicate points of difference. In what does the interest in this story con-

assist? Professor LOUIS AGASSIZ (1807-1873), Switzerland and Cambridge, Mass.: a renowned naturalist and teacher.

Lesson 34. — HENRY D. THOREAU (1817-1862): author of a number of interesting volumes; a philosopher of a type very rarely met. He lived the life of a hermit for a number of years that he might experience frugal independence and moral isolation. After reading this lesson, compare the life-long habit of observation which is indicated in it with that of the student in the last lesson.

Lesson 35. — This selection is from *Two Years Before the Mast*, by R. H. DANA (1815-1881). He was himself the young sailor whose experience is described. Note the *nautical* terms used. How is the difference between theoretical and practical knowledge illustrated in his experience?

Lesson 36. — Sir WALTER SCOTT (see Lesson 21). *Lochinvar* is a song sung by a lady in the same poem (*Marmion*) from which Lesson 12 was drawn. In reading it, something of the song movement should be suggested.

Lesson 37. — WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859), New York. Irving was the first of American authors to gain recognition abroad. Genial style and humor make his writings most agreeable reading. They are models in the use of pure English. *The Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and his humorous *History of New York* are widely read, as well as his historical works.

Lesson 38. — What previous selection by this author? In what sense can a bird be called a murderer and a bandit?

Lesson 39. — It would be well to require the pupils to memorize this beautiful poem. The effort would be slight in comparison with the value. Require the class to locate the event in time and place, and also to tell the story in prose.

Lesson 40. — This lesson is a specimen of the information given in *Madame How and Lady Why*, a volume of the writings of Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY (see note on Lesson 2).

A composition in answer to five questions drawn from this selection will indicate with what intelligence the class have read it.

Lesson 41. — VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885): one of the most prominent and powerful French writers. *Les Misérables* is his greatest work. This selection is from *Ninety-Three*. Note the

intense style. As a proof of the place each word takes, try to cut out words and phrases without materially affecting the account, or try to substitute other words for those chosen by the author.

Lesson 42. — WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850), English: an eminent English poet, whose influence upon English poetry has been very great. His *May Queen*, *We are Seven*, and *Goody Blake* are known to children everywhere. *Intimations of Immortality* is one of the finest poems in the language.

Compare the meanings of *faithfulness*, *loyalty*, *devotion*, *fidelity*.

Lesson 43. — EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849), Baltimore, Md.: a remarkable writer both of prose and verse. *The Raven* and *Annabel Lee* are known wherever the English language is read.

This lesson is introduced as a happy illustration of what it often troubles pupils in school to understand — variation in time in connection with longitude.

Lesson 44. — HARRIET MARTINEAU (1802–1876): an English authoress. This selection is from *The Feats of the Fiord*. Other juvenile writings of great interest are *The Peasant and the Prince*, *The Crofton Boys*, and *Settlers at Home*.

Miss Martineau also wrote *Traditions of Palestine* and a number of other works.

Pictures of life in other lands should form a part of education. Those of this author are reliable for Norway, as Miss Bremer's are for Sweden.

Lesson 45. — DOUGLASS JERROLD (1803–1857): an English dramatist and essayist. His most famous work is *Caudle Lectures*, from which this lesson is taken.

Mrs. Caudle is everywhere pictured as a scold, but the habit sits lightly upon her, as also does the result of it upon her husband. In reading, this fact should be borne in mind. An ill-natured voice is out of place in rendering it.

Lesson 46. — This story of HAWTHORNE'S is useful as a picture of the characters of King Charles and Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell (1599–1658) was made Protector in 1654.

Lesson 47. — To be committed to memory, and recited for practice in expression.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889): England. The greater part of Browning's poetry belongs to mature minds; some of his shorter

poems are very spirited. Among these are *Harreé Riel*, *The Pied Piper*, *How They Brought the Good News to Ghent*.

Lesson 48.—*The Star-Spangled Banner* should be recited or sung periodically in every schoolroom, as should all our national hymns. Other facts about the Flag may be had on application to the Patent Office, Washington, a pamphlet having been recently issued in answer to queries made concerning its history.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS: a native of Georgia, a lawyer and statesman.

Lesson 49.—This selection from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians should be memorized. Selections might be read from Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in the World* which would be catholic in form and spirit.

Lesson 50.—The short extracts of this lesson should be made the topics for conversation, or written exercises.

Lesson 51.—**JOSEPH ADDISON** (1672–1719): English. The style of Addison has been a model for authors for two centuries. His papers are for the most part short, bright essays, written for periodicals which he either established or helped to sustain. Under the titles *Spectator*, *Tattler*, and *Guardian* these may be found and enjoyed by readers of this grade. Explain the allusions in this Vision—the arches, cimeters, trap-doors, bubbles, birds, etc.

Lesson 52.—**RALPH WALDO EMERSON** (1803–1882), Concord, Mass.: an eminent writer both in prose and verse. He is chiefly known through his philosophic essays, from which an extract is made in a later lesson (see Lesson 90).

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878), Massachusetts and New York: author, poet, editor, one of the great names in literature. He began to write poetry at ten years of age, and when eighteen composed *Thanatopsis*, a grave, thoughtful study which has been called the “greatest poem ever written by so young a man.”

These two poems on flowers have been introduced in the hope that pupils may be led to gather a collection of similar gems of which our literature abounds. *To a Mountain Daisy*, by Burns; *The Daffodils*, by Wordsworth; *The Palm Tree*, by Whittier; *Almond Blossom*, by Edwin Arnold; *The Planting of the Apple-Tree*, by Bryant; *The Moss Rose*, by Krummacher, are examples.

Lesson 53. — This picture of early times in our national life, like an earlier one by the same author, shows with what interest history may be invested if pleasantly written.

Lesson 54. — This anonymous poem is a beautiful example of fidelity. How does its treatment of the subject differ from that of Lesson 42?

Lesson 55. — General LEW WALLACE (1828—): a popular novelist. *Ben Hur*, from which this extract is made, is his greatest work. It will be of interest to young readers as well as older ones in that it pictures with great intensity a time of which we cannot know too much, namely, the human life of our Lord.

Lesson 56. — This selection is from *Ivanhoe*, previously referred to as one of SCOTT's great novels. See note on Lesson 21, and portrait of author (page 240). Archery belongs to an earlier time than our own. It will be of interest to consult an encyclopædia for an account of it as a mode of warfare as well as a game of skill.

Lesson 57. — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D. (1809—), Cambridge, Mass.: see portrait. Dr. Holmes was for a number of years a professor in the Medical School of Harvard University. In later life he has devoted all his energies to literature, and is in the foremost rank of American authors and poets. He is best known to people in general through his short poems. *Old Ironsides*, *The One-Hoss Shay*, *Dorothy Q.*, *The Last Leaf*, are among the most popular.

Consult an encyclopædia for an account of the Nautilus, from the fabled story of which this beautiful lesson is drawn.

Lesson 58. — JOHN JAMES AUDUBON (1780–1851), New Orleans, La.: a celebrated naturalist. *The Birds of America*, his greatest work, presents more than four hundred life-size plates, which are true to nature in form and coloring. To prepare for this and his other volumes, Audubon spent a large part of his life in the forests studying the habits of birds.

Lesson 59. — What earlier lesson contains a story of Alexander? SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834), England. Though a philosopher and prose writer, Coleridge is best known to readers in general as a poet. His *Christabel* and *The Ancient Mariner* are found in every collection of English poetry. A rhythmical poem, *Kubla Kahn*, is an exquisite specimen of verse.

Lesson 60. — Marco Bozzaris was a famous Greek patriot. He defended Missolonghi successfully for a long time, but fell Aug. 20, 1823. He is remembered as a hero, and called the Leonidas of modern Greece.

The author of this martial poem is FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1795-1867). His life was passed mainly in New York with mercantile affairs. Many of his poems are well known. *Alnwick Castle, Burns, Fanny, and Red Jacket* may be readily found in collections.

Lesson 61. — The author of this little description is commonly known as MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL C. CLEMENS, 1835-), Missouri. As a facetious writer and lecturer he is widely known. *Innocents Abroad, Roughing It, The Prince and Pauper*, are among his published books.

Lesson 62. — WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT (1796-1859), Salem, Mass. A distinguished historian. Prescott came from a family of high honor. His grandfather commanded the forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. His father was an eminent judge. *The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, The Reign of Philip II., and The Conquest of Peru* are his leading historical works.

Lesson 63. — MARTIN JOHN SPAULDING (1810-1872), Kentucky. Archbishop in the Roman Catholic Church. A prominent orator and lecturer.

Lesson 64. — PAUL REVERE (1735-1818). An American patriot, as the poem teaches.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. See Lesson 24. Other poems which should become familiar at this time are, *A Psalm of Life, The Skeleton in Armor, The Building of the Ship, The Song of Hiawatha, Evangeline*, and *Miles Standish*.

Make this lesson a special study in expression.

Lesson 65. — Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1814-). Mrs. Stowe is a sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. She is well-known everywhere as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Distinguish in this lesson between *irritability* and *ill-nature*, and tell where they find common ground.

Lesson 66. — JOHN WILSON (1785-1854), Scotland. Under the pseudonym Christopher North, Professor Wilson wrote essays upon a great variety of subjects, which were marked by their high

literary quality and popular style. Material for class composition is suggested by this lesson.

Lesson 67. — Sir WALTER SCOTT's writings are so eminently useful in the formation of literary taste that more selections are here drawn from them than from any other author. An account of Scott's life and times, longer than can be given here, should be placed within the range of pupils' reading. This selection is from *The Lady of the Lake*, previously referred to in these pages. What is the meaning of *ambuscade*? See portrait.

Lesson 68. — JOHN RUSKIN (1818–), England. Is the most gifted writer on art in the English language. His interpretation of moral truths and his descriptions of nature are unsurpassed in loftiness of style and purpose.

Lesson 69. — THOMAS HUGHES. A prominent English writer. Dr. Thomas Arnold was for many years the head-master of the celebrated Rugby School in England.

Lesson 70. — JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, Ireland and America (1844–1890). Editor and poet. *In Bohemia* is one of his best known and most characteristic poems. The poem from which this lesson is taken was read at an anniversary at Plymouth, Mass.

Lesson 71. — RAPHAEL PUMPELLE (1837–), Oswego, N.Y. Was professor of mining in Harvard University, and afterwards at the head of the U. S. Geologic and Mining Surveys. *Across America and Asia* and *Researches in China, Mongolia, and Japan* are his leading published works. In connection with this lesson selections may be read from the writings of George Kennan in past numbers of the *Century Magazine*.

Lesson 72. — ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796). The national poet of Scotland. His poems are mostly in the popular dialect of his country rather than in pure English. It is said that there is hardly a cottage in Scotland where a copy of Burns' poems does not find an honored place, and "scarcely a lassie who does not lighten her toils by humming snatches of his songs." *To a Mouse*, *Auld Lang Syne*, *Bonnie Doon*, *Bannockburn*, and *Tam O'Shanter* are examples.

Lesson 73. — This forcible expression of scientific truth is by the author of *Madame How* and *Lady Why*, previously named. It will be interesting to trace the courses of prevailing winds upon a chart or geographical map.

Lesson 74. — EDWARD EVERETT is again represented. (See Lesson 11.) The respect of all Americans should be paid him for his zeal in securing Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. From his own personal efforts in speaking and writing he earned or raised ninety thousand dollars to purchase it for the nation.

Starland is the name of a series of lectures given to young people and afterward published in book form. If possible, it or some other book of its kind should be read.

Lesson 75. — GEORGE BANCROFT (1800-1891), Worcester, Mass. Is one of the highest rank of historians. His *History of the United States*, in nine volumes, is described as eloquent, philosophical, and thoroughly American.

For a language exercise make a synopsis of the leading characteristics of Washington, as here portrayed.

Lesson 76. — JOSIAH G. HOLLAND (1819-1881), Springfield, Mass. Author, journalist, and poet. Under the pseudonym "Timothy Titcomb" several very popular volumes of letters, etc., were written, full of practical instruction and advice.

Lesson 77. — DR. JOHN BROWN (1810-1882). A Scottish writer of great sagacity and eloquence. *Rab and His Friends*, *Marjorie Fleming*, and *With Brains, Sir*, are well-known short extracts from his published volumes.

Lesson 78. — JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795-1820), New York. Contemporary and friend of Halleck. (See *Marco Bozzaris*, page 218.) Author of *The Culprit Fay*, a purely imaginative poem. This poem of the American flag should be made familiar for its beauty as well as for its patriotism.

Lesson 79. — HENRY GRADY, Georgia. An editor and statesman, whose zeal and enthusiasm for the advancement of what is called the "New South" made his death (in 1889) an occasion of great sorrow.

Lesson 80. — ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843). First poet-laureate of England. He also wrote much in prose. Poems well known to children are *How the Water Comes Down at Lodore* and *The Battle of Blenheim*.

Lesson 81. — CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH (1790-1860), New Haven, Conn. Historian and editor.

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782-1852), New Hampshire and Massa-

chusetts. Lawyer and statesman. The selection here made and the *Reply to Hayne* on Nullification (a two days' speech) are perhaps the best known among Webster's many eloquent orations. His oratory was unequalled in his own and is unsurpassed in later times.

JOHN ADAMS (1736-1826), Quincy, Mass. Second president of the United States.

Lesson 82. — This noble poem by WORDSWORTH (see note on Lesson 42) should receive more than passing attention. Parts, at least, are worthy of being memorized.

Lesson 83. — Dartmouth College is the *alma mater* (loved mother) to which Webster refers.

Lesson 84. — PAUL H. HAYNE (1830-1886), Charleston, S.C. Author, editor, and poet.

A *sonnet* is a poem generally of a lyrical nature, and restricted to fourteen lines, with a peculiar arrangement of rhymes.

Milton's *On his Blindness*, many of Shakespeare's, Mrs. Browning's, and Wordsworth's sonnets are of rare beauty.

Lesson 85. — LAURENCE STERNE (1713-1768). One of the greatest English humorists. *Tristram Skandy* is his most valued work. The standards have changed so greatly that humorous and satirical writers of that time are seldom read as a whole now.

Lesson 86. — WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878), Massachusetts and New York. For nearly fifty years the editor of the *New York Post*, but most eminent as a poet. In a volume of Bryant's poems a great variety of tastes will be met, and a great variety of subjects treated. See portrait.

Lesson 87. — THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859). See portrait and note on lesson.

Lesson 88. — GEORGE GORDON (Lord) BYRON (1788-1824), London. A celebrated English poet. *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* are among his longer poems, and are remarkable for the originality and beauty of their diction. This lesson should be used for rhetorical training.

Lesson 89. — The name of EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797) is one of the greatest in English political literature.

Warren Hastings was Governor-General of India. His administration was at various times acknowledged to be satisfactory, and he was received with great distinction by George III. and his

court; but serious blemishes attached to it, and the Whig party secured his impeachment. The trial is chiefly remarkable for the speeches of Burke. Hastings was acquitted after the case had been seven years before the courts. He died in 1818, twenty-four years after his public life had closed.

Lesson 90. — ALFRED (Lord) TENNYSON (1810–). Latest poet-laureate of England. The poetry of Tennyson is often too scholarly to make him the poet of the people, yet many of his short poems are very beautiful, and persons of all ages may find something adapted to themselves in them. *Enoch Arden*, *The Princess*, *Locksley Hall*, *The Idyls of the King*, and *In Memoriam* show the different orders of poetry, — epic, lyric, elegiac. See portrait.

Lesson 91. — Use these topics for conversation, parallel quotation, or composition.

Lesson 92. — RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882). See earlier lesson and note.

Lesson 93. — THOMAS GRAY (1716–1771), London, England. Ranks among the leading poets of his time, though very few poems were written by him. This elegy has been translated into all the modern languages, and also into Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Gray was professor of modern history in Cambridge University, England. Note the many lines that are apt quotations.

Lesson 94. — *The Stirrup Cup* is from SIDNEY LANIER, a gifted Southern poet and author (1842–1881), Georgia. Boys should find time to read his *Boy's King Arthur*, *Boy's Froissart*, and *Boy's Mabinogian*, which bring into modern speech writings of the twelfth to fourteenth centuries.

Lesson 95. — Selections.

Lesson 96. — WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616). This is the greatest name not only in English literature, but in all literature considered as such. One hundred and fifty-four sonnets would alone have entitled him to fame. No less than thirty-seven great dramas were written by him, the larger number of which have been acted upon the stage. *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Merchant of Venice* are examples.

Lesson 97. — This is one of the most beautiful of the *Psalms* of David, king over Israel. It should be committed to memory as an example of Hebrew poetry, as well as for its noble teaching.

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